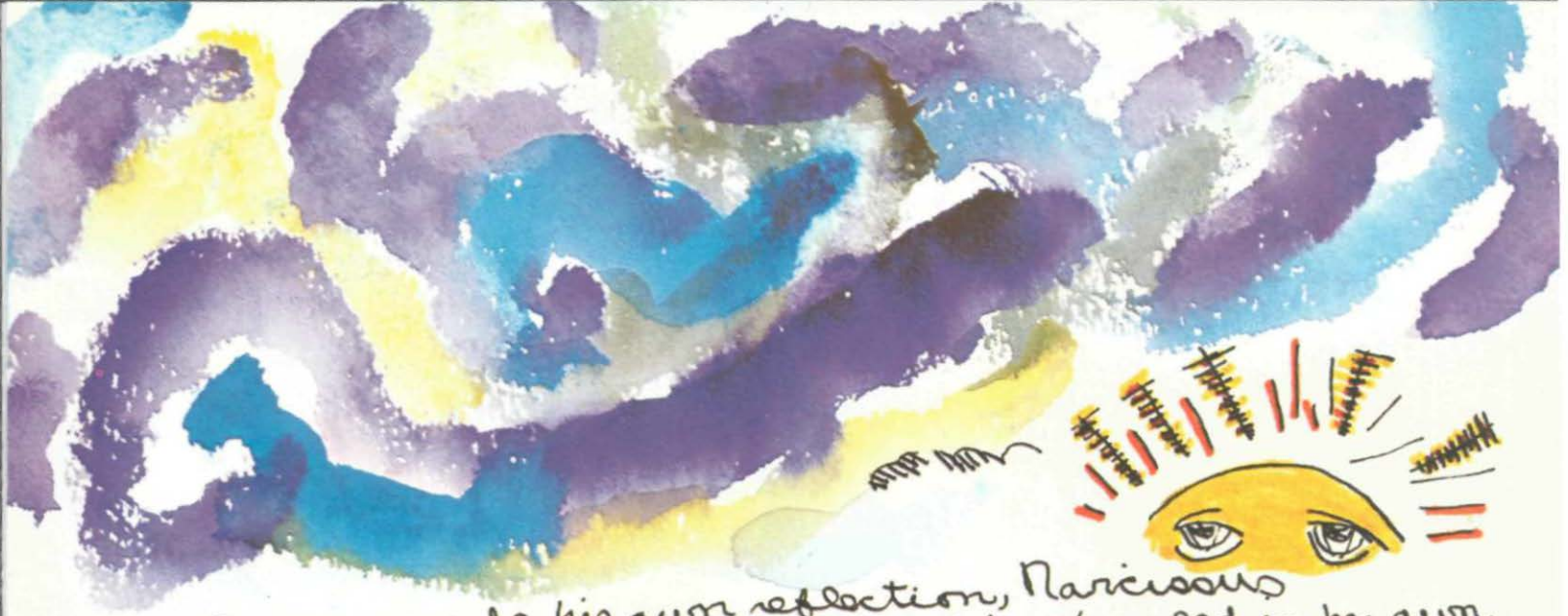
YEARBOX 20
YEARBOX 20
YEARBOX 20
YEARBOX 20

NARCISSUS
a fantasy about fantasy



Once inside his own reflection, Narcissus was completely captive like a spider tangled in her own web. For years and especially in High School Narcissus had loved his reflection. Now in college Narcissus had more time for it and his love grew in proportion to it. He only got five-hundreds on his college boards but he still conceived of himself as a genius.

It had rained and the rain-wet laced the sidewalks and the puddles were brimming with bellies of rain-wet. THAT only waited to be looked upon.

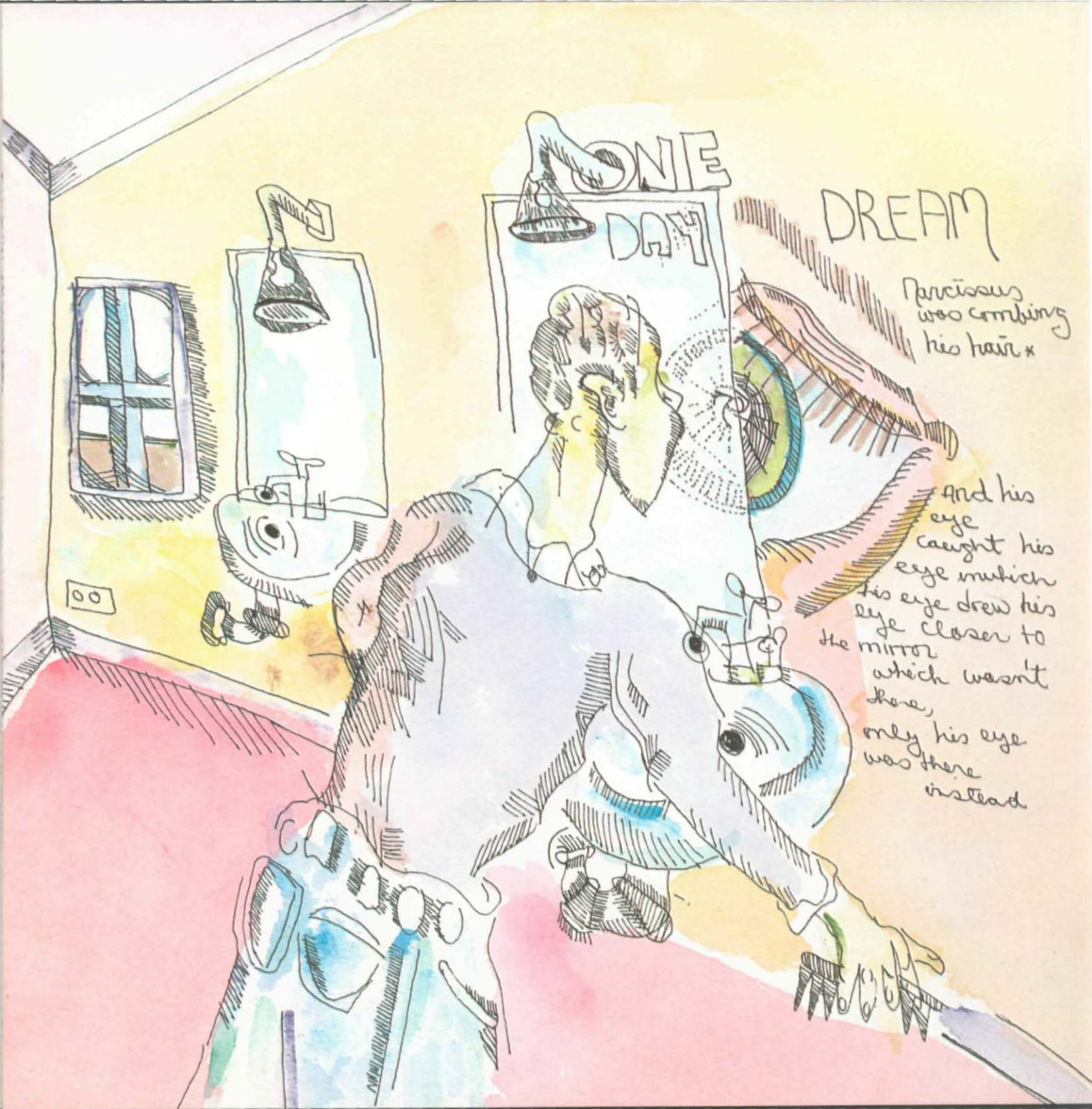
free deep in his own reflection,
Narcissus had spun an oasis and continued
to chew at the sight. He was once an agile
sandpiper who played peek-a-boo with
the tides but now he was a sandpiper who fell
victim to the undertoe. THIS time the reflect-
ion HAD AN INSPIRATION as if the Reflection.
was a fly who WAS continually knocking against
the invisability of glass. Could it possibly had
been a soul? Narcissus thought he
might had acquined one winter term
(one needed one to get through it you
know) even though he only got
three passes and maintained
himself as a genius.

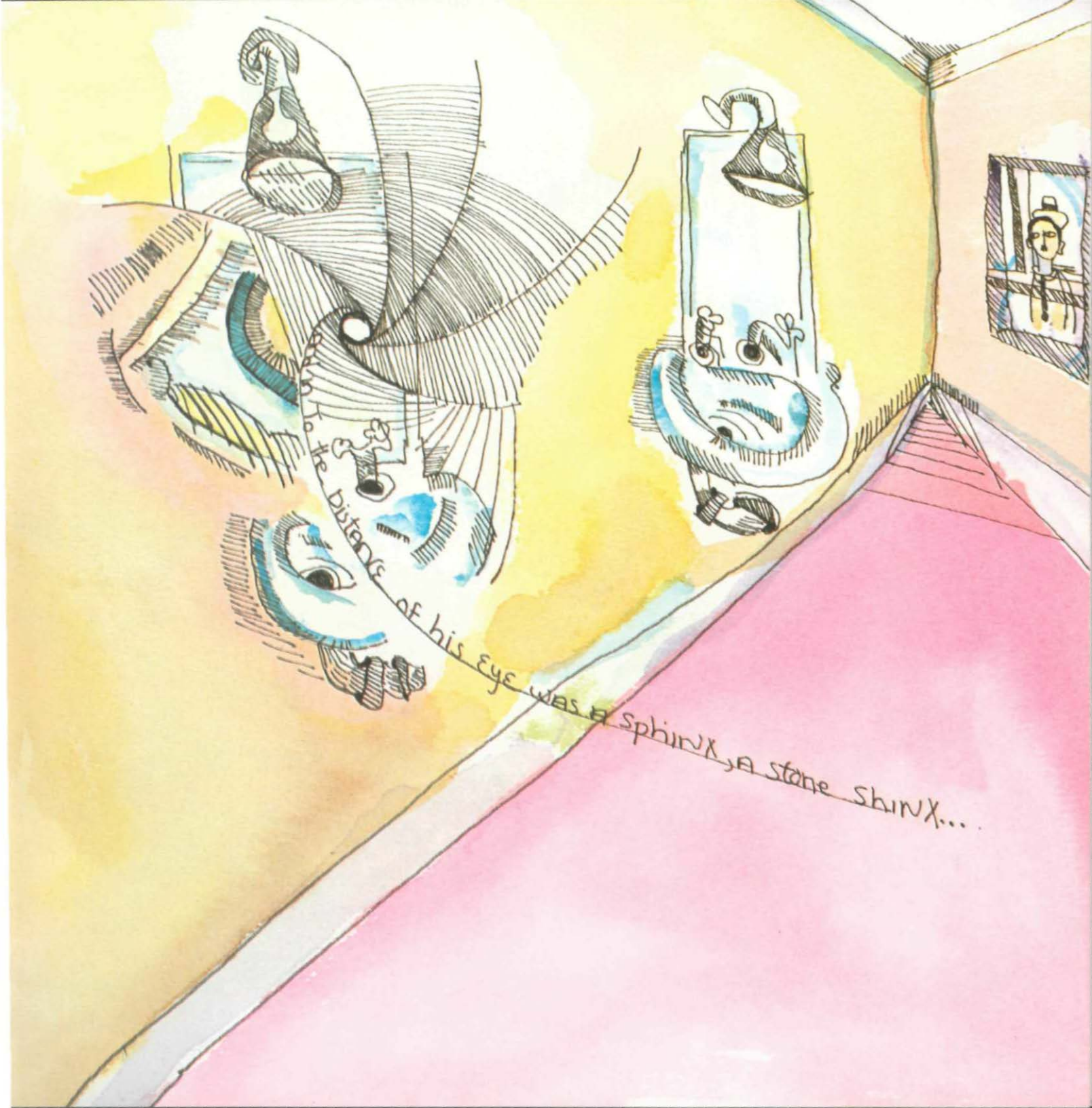
Narcissus looked up from the eye-tugging puddle.
And nothing had happened.
THE Reflection hadn't left-
it was miraculous. He
squirmed across the lawn
in delight. the epitomy of
Narcissuism was, at last,
fulfilled; he had been able
to see the world around him
in terms of himself without
having to think about it.

THIS WHAT HAPPENS when YOUR Metaphors BECOME REAL
The World WAS
He could hate people and they could hate him — but they couldn't imagine what he was doing to their faces. Narcissus shay-shayed about turning things in to other things as long as they pertained to him. If he thought someone looked like a weasel that someone did look like a weasel. Any one OBNOXIOUS he destroyed.
NORMAN ROCKWELL

One day a FRESHMAN came up to him and said, in a very tearsy voice "I am thinking of committing SUICIDE, Lets talk about it" He couldn't. She didn't make any difference to him, he told her he had seen her movie much too many Times to think about it. And he told her to READ a good Book and commit SUICIDE that way. Obviously, the girl was crushed and couldn't make any sense out of what he HAD SAID, It didn't make any difference at all because it only had to make sense to Narcissus. His words had turned into shiny little mirrors.
I HATE FORKS
FRIED NEEDS AN ARAINT

When Narcissus went to
SLEEP At Night. And dreamt his
Dreams which were too much
Like his DAYS. And Soon there
WAS not too much difference.


ONE
DAY
DREAM
Narcissus was combing his hair x
and his eye caught his eye which his eye drew his eye closer to the MIRROR which wasn't there, only his eye was there instead


In the distance of his eye was a sphinx, a stone sphinx...

A stone Sphinx, yawning and thinking not
chase away, but of her self of ca
had created her.

evil sprits to
since NARCISSUS

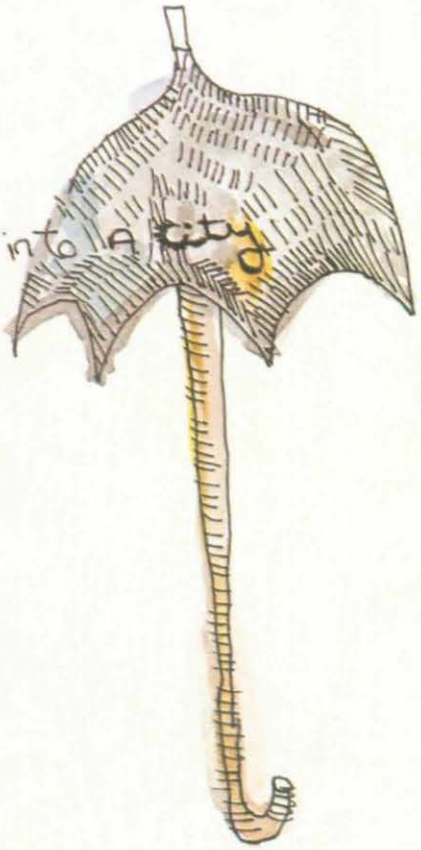
And she INTRODUCED
Herself as "the GODDESS
OF INTROSPECTION"

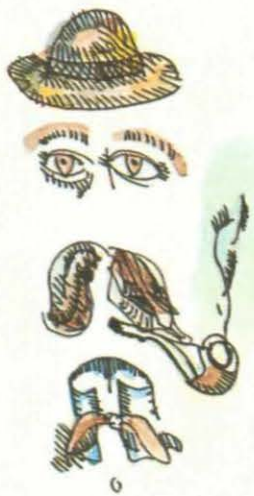
And all She could SAY WAS:
"Look into me, there is no end of me
as Long as you LOOK in to me.

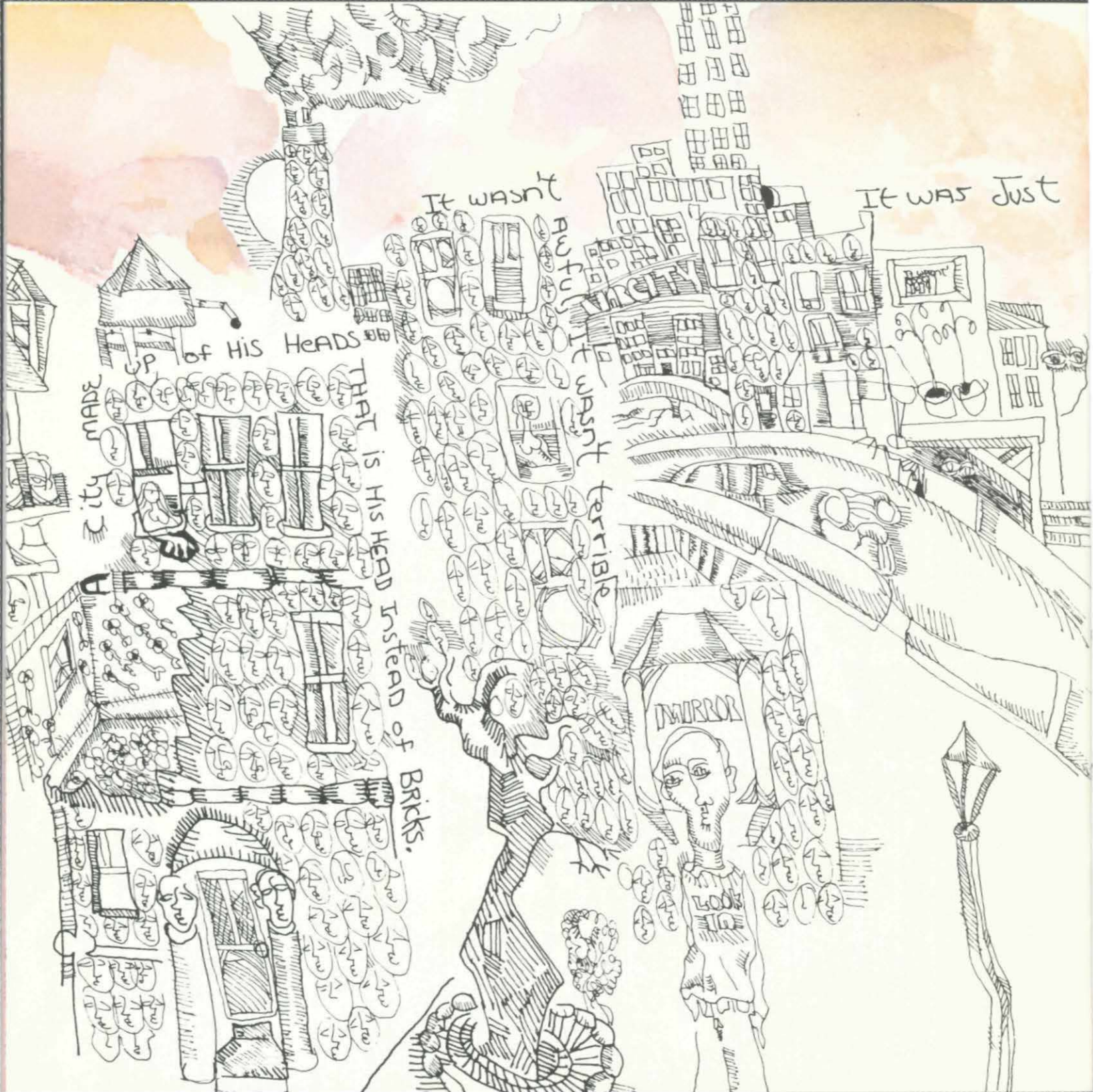
Over and over she said it, Over and
Over he did it. He felt like an ell
chasing his own tail in a flushing toilet
that didn't have enough guts too fully flush-

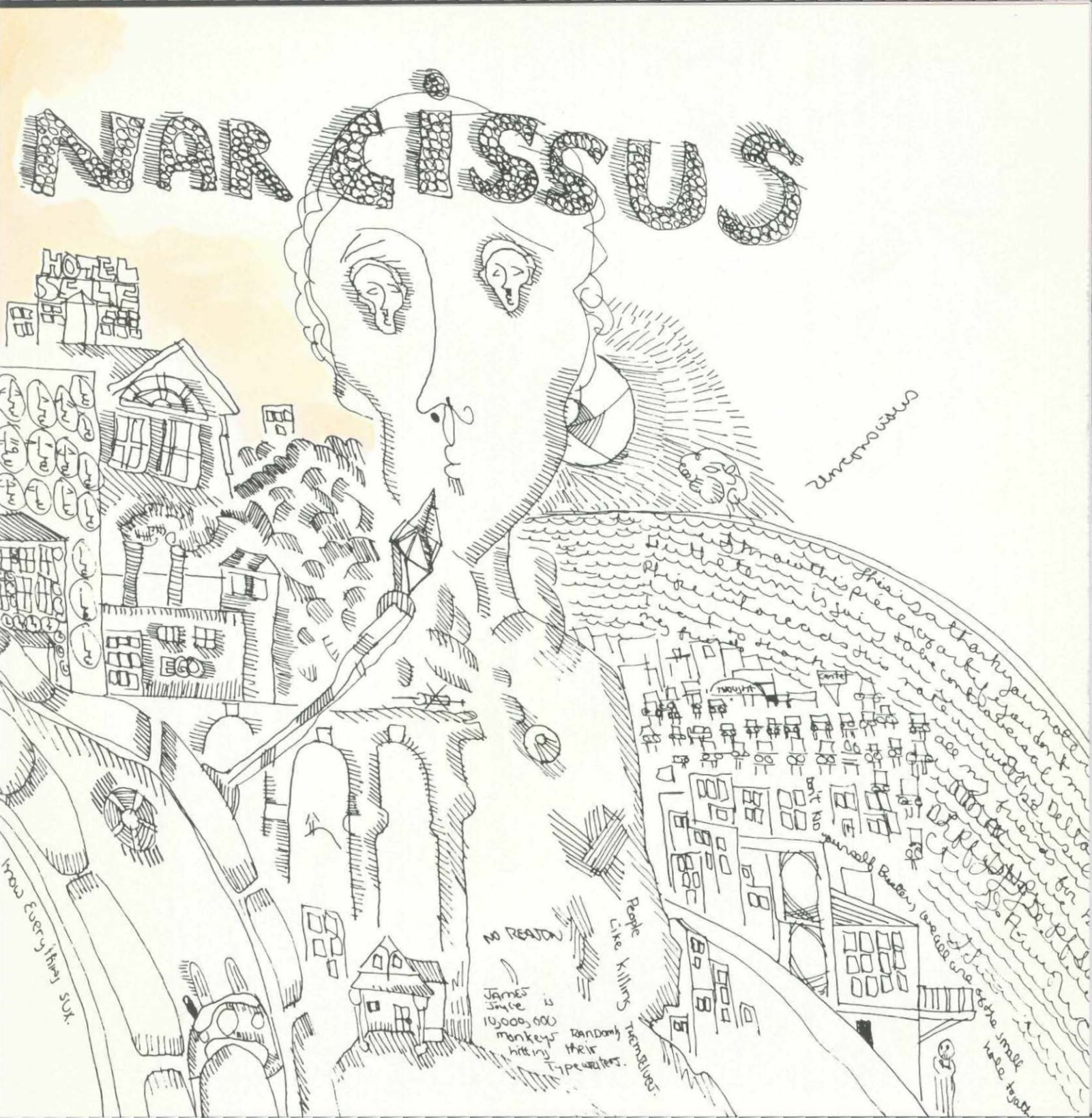
And he Looked And found nothing but molecules, molecules.
Molecules too small to make a difference.

And He walked into a city.






It wasn't
awful
It was just
CITY
of His HeADS
up
made
city
THAT is His HEAD Instead of Bricks.
It wasn't terrible
MIRROR


NARCISSUS
HOTEL SEALTZ
EGO
Rue
Unconscious
Thought
Bank
People like killing themselves.
NO REASON
James Joyce is 10,000,000 monkeys hitting randomly their typewriters.
How everything sux.

He then thought of Mother....
Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother
and he was knee-deep in the puddle of his own Reflection
AGAIN-

YEARBOX 70

Season/lake forest '70
Gates

it is easy to give someone
A polished line and
Photography will suffice
for surfaces. Which reminds me of
something a
Professor said about
Trying to teach us the middle
of an eagle's flight or making moths
Learn to populate
Around lamps. No. Anyhow, Time
Usually takes care of
Things like
That. Still, it is better to
Try at least to say (about
Lines) what
Hung the things
in imaginary space. To begin

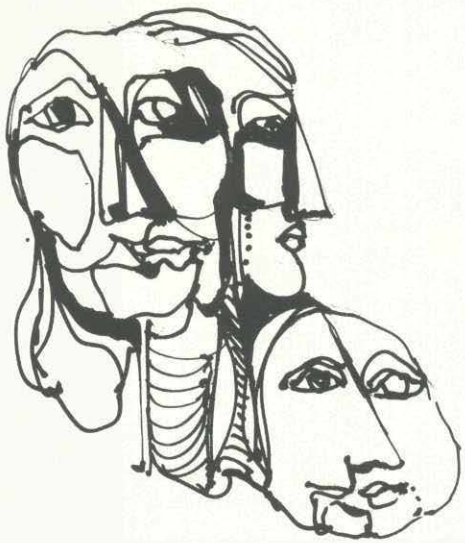
I remember at a "mixer" (insufferable)

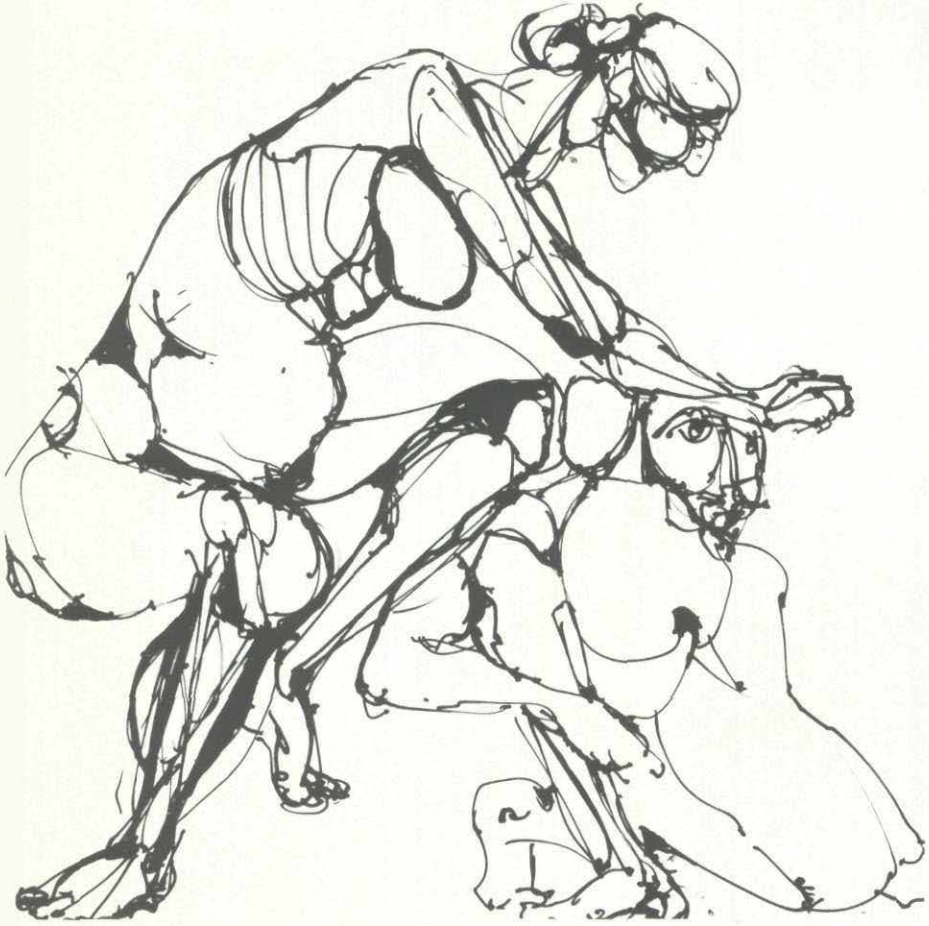
dancers
conceived in nightmare
Writhing soprano around
Wracking
drum-gut
Drowned
In september-fresh
Wonder fear-
ing
Sound-
less noises in the corners of a beast-
ly
Night
I had no name for only
New
when
Sunset staggered into mirrors clanging
Shards of faces around all Me I
Looking for "Reality" found

Something that had to do with doom and
Dancing blooming Drunken, every eye
And senseless depths
where old bones grew and teachers said

I would maybe find someday
A line to hang around the bed
Of oceans
Ages knew

who limped smiling over thorns
to unbridle ageless horses and
unleash Potential in larval-
stirring Skies



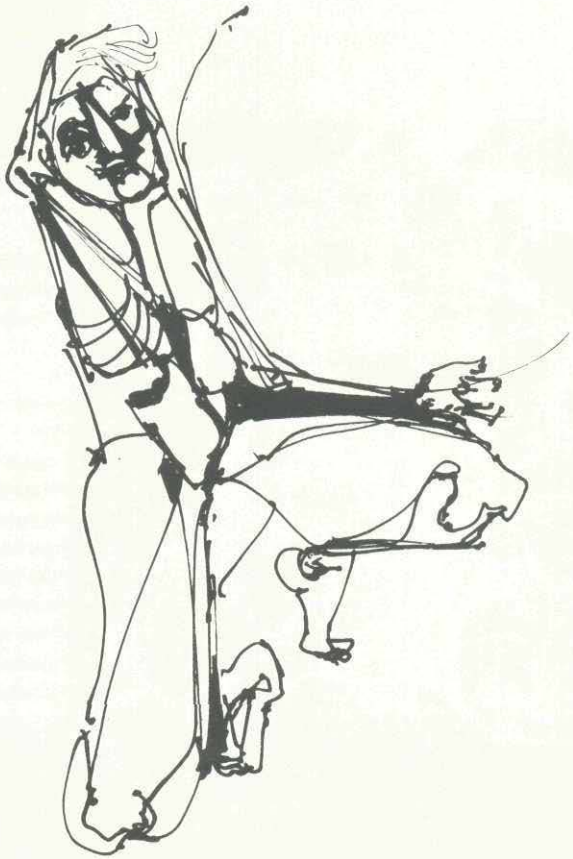


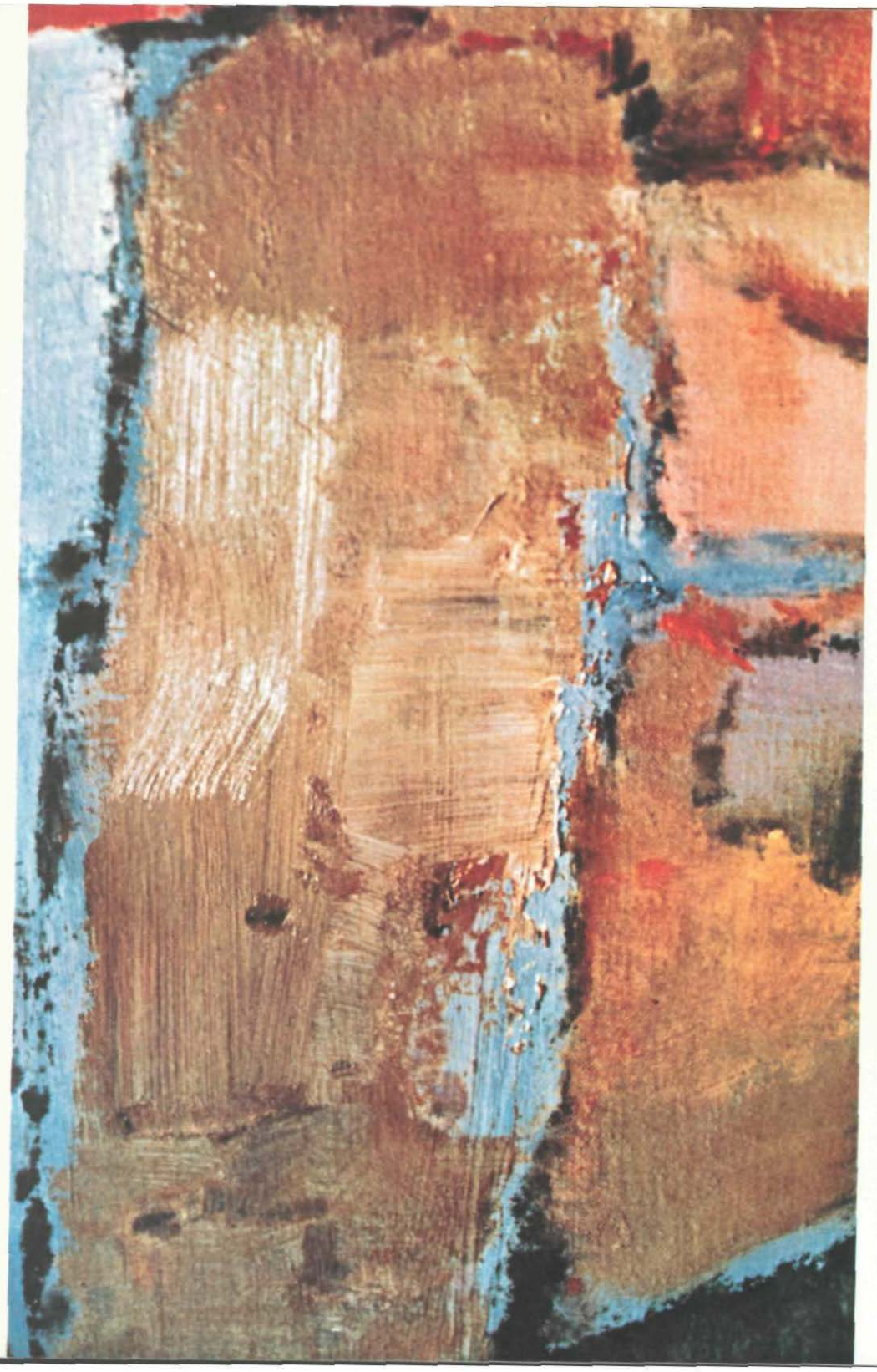
There was a day in a classroom, early sun-on-dust-
Something I tried to catch—
An image of a mother bending to
some deeper, thankless will than we would snatch
Gaily out of fields, or maybe arching her back to
The task at her potter's wheel singing with fine hands
Surging into the clay, thoughtless of mud
On gold rings. Spinning around magic dragging
Sullen red lands around into form, forcing
Out of her blood
Wingless flight wrapping a-
Round an airy spine
A bloodless calm curve as quick and spare and solid
As she--does she thus dancing on the line
Praxiteles knew, love her children who
Think mud squalid?
And when in movement to her music in
Love she drew me, of her did she mold us all?

(Maybe in Illinois it doesn't matter
but I think
It had something to do with laughter
and something to
A bird impaled on the sun
in a stunning
Conjunction)

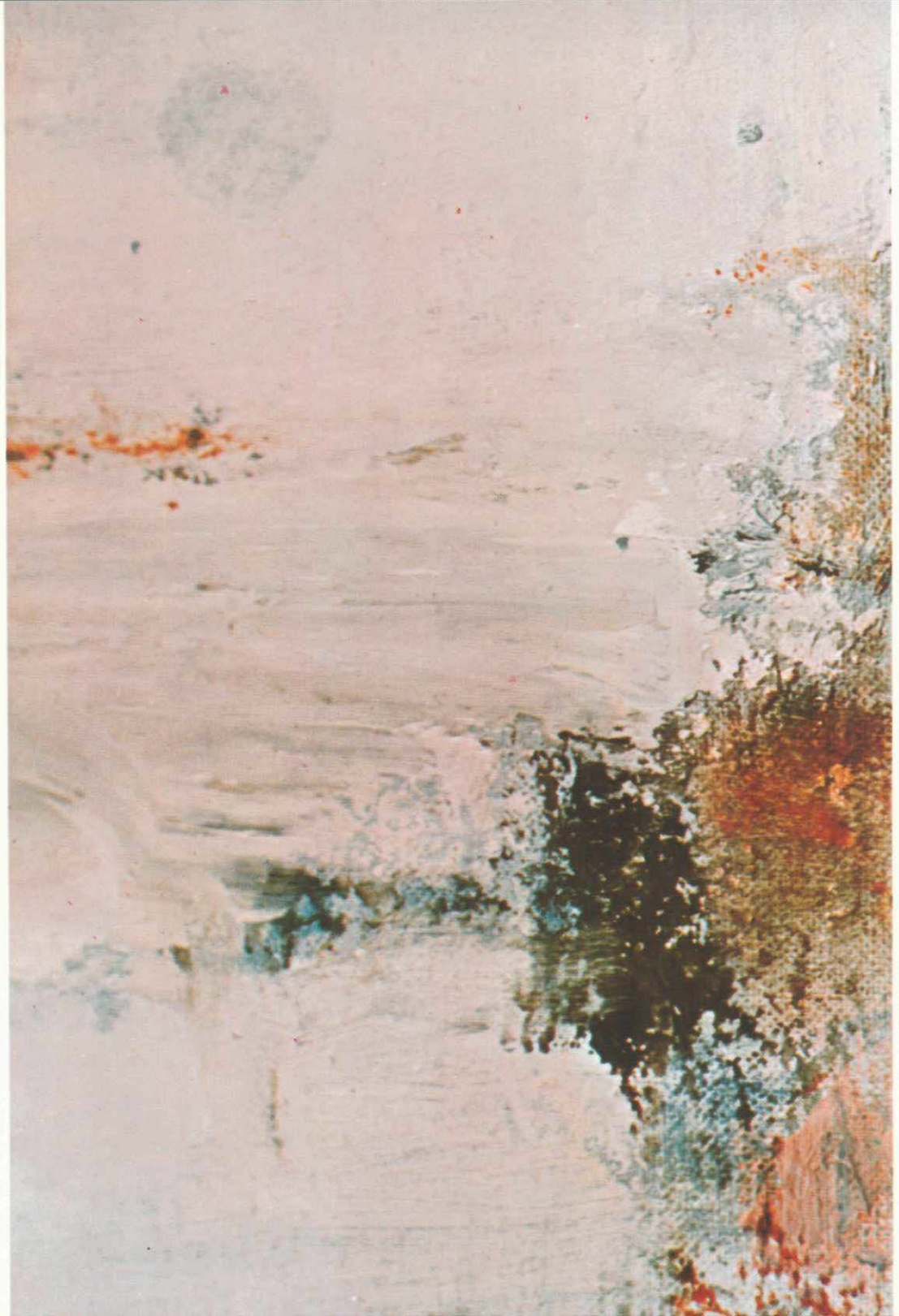
Of an eagle
Hung
On heaven
Daring down the day
in Colorado. Stay—I remember on a hill when
I was the wind and the wind rode in the hay
With horses and the way
That a dancer
Had when
He was the water where the rivers
Drank the sea and painted
Sand

Come—Ride me windmills
Snowdown blast a
Redwing
In my land.





and bannered white in grasses
Winter waked around a face
of planes
skewered
Down in the drone of orange mowers
raging
Pagan in the highway of an
Alcoholic
afternoon
You can hear
across the bottom of my country
striped
Seething
with barbed Caesarean
Scars
A mockery of horses and
The raw moon rising
Between our toes
On a newer nation
and drink drink dirt as old as
Money
Born
In the angry shadow of a
Long blue spine of agony that
Spawned big
Texas and
Scrawled his birth across the sky
in the glare of the
Eagle's
Harshest season
Clashing in the cymbol's breeding
Lazy with the union of the
Sower and the
Reason
Be (one in) my nation, be my need



Be joy
For me
Morning
Waking in
Veils Shrouded
in white rumor
balanced
Bold as first-born on a
Threshold

Trembling down an avenue
Hung with quiet flags
hung Fluttering with houses
Hung white laughing YES be

NOW for me, morning

Buckling for the day
in a dark shudder I can
Hear a high wind rising, big
Windows

Give me wanton wings

and silver-bridle the sun
My womb is slung with whisky
And my breasts have tasted blood
I can hear a high wind rising
and a woman I knew

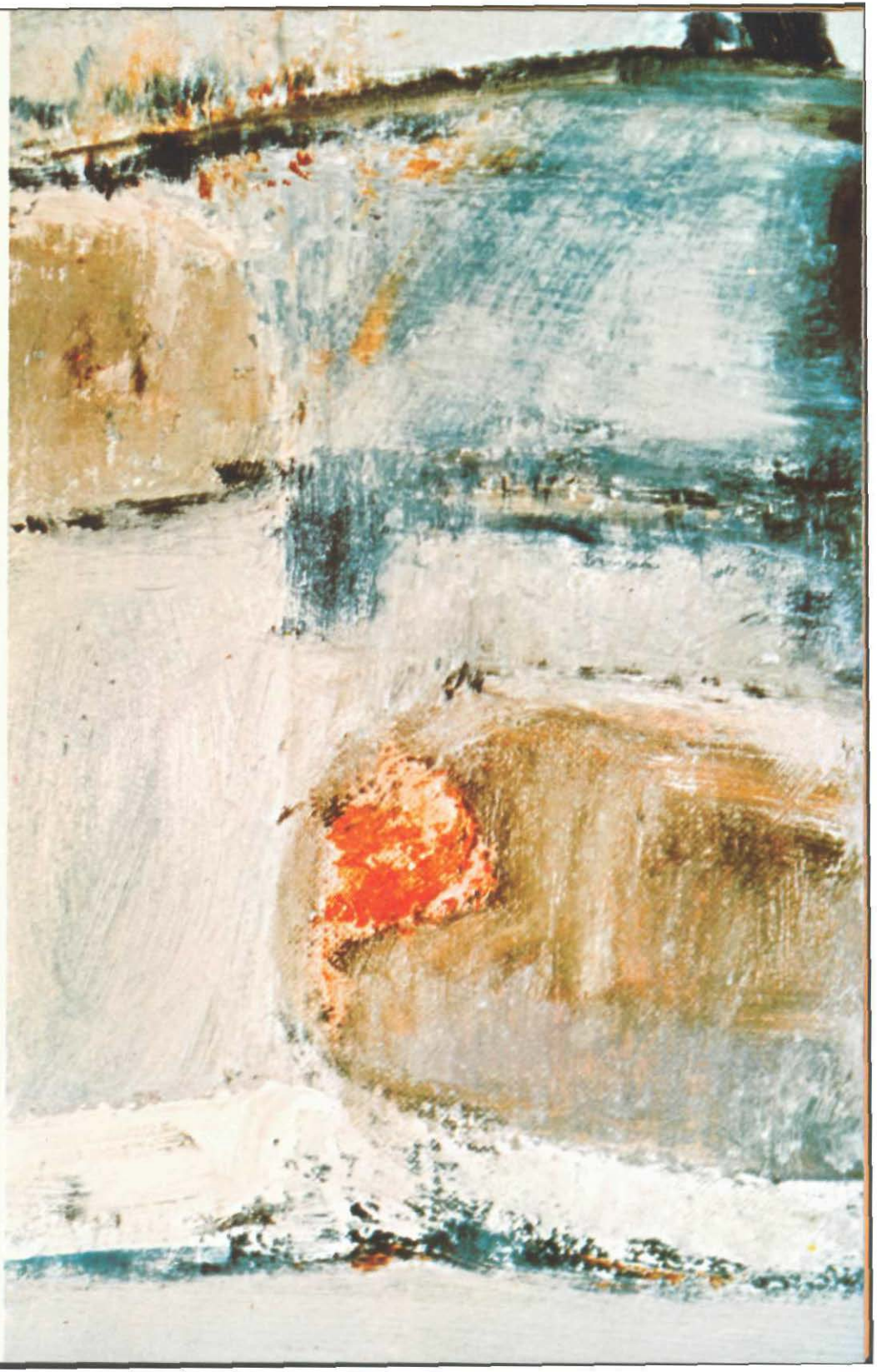
Whispering

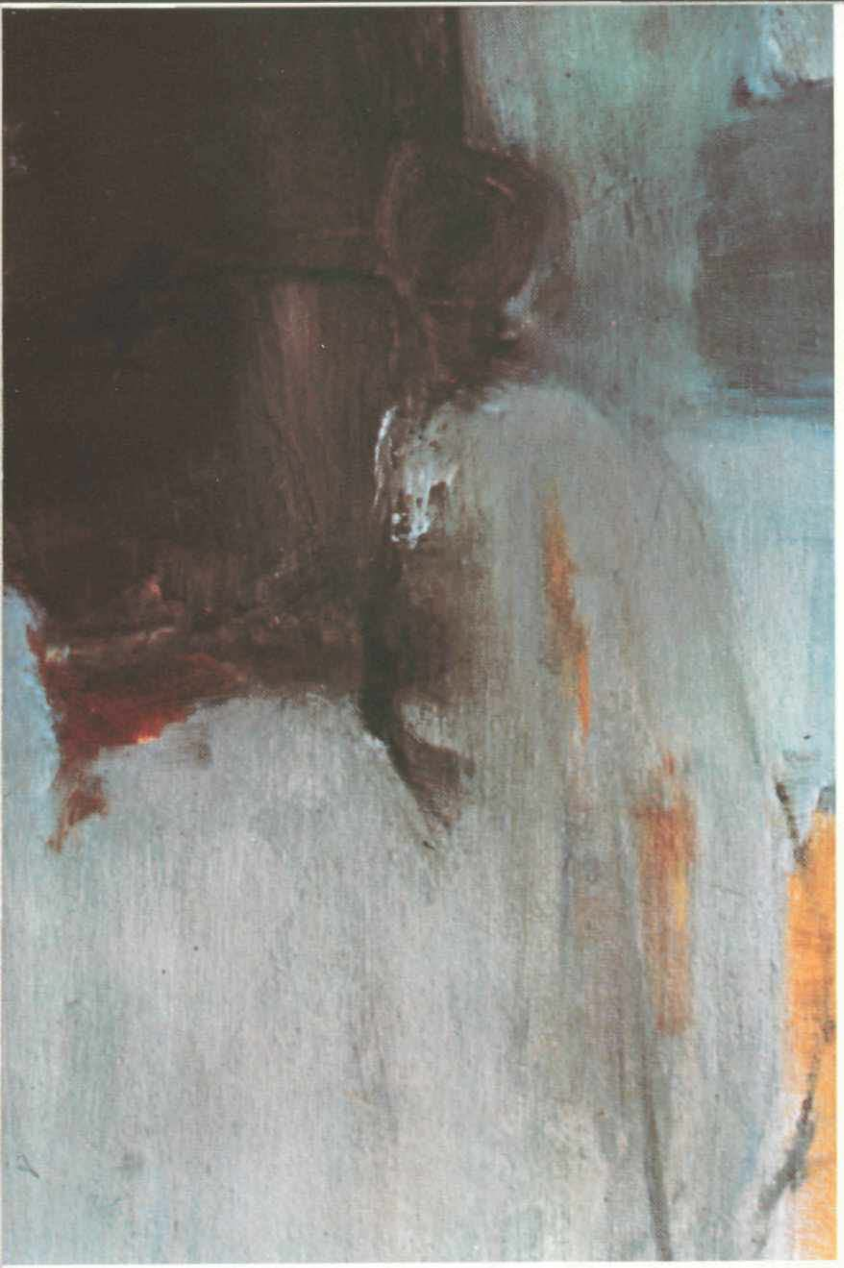
Over my bridle-hand
Told me I would
Die in a palace
Far from my native land

and I can snag a snake-fast
Free bird
Line it home
to heaven snatch a sonnet

From the sun
I'll nail a girder into time

(and you can sing it then or not--
the wind already knows your name)



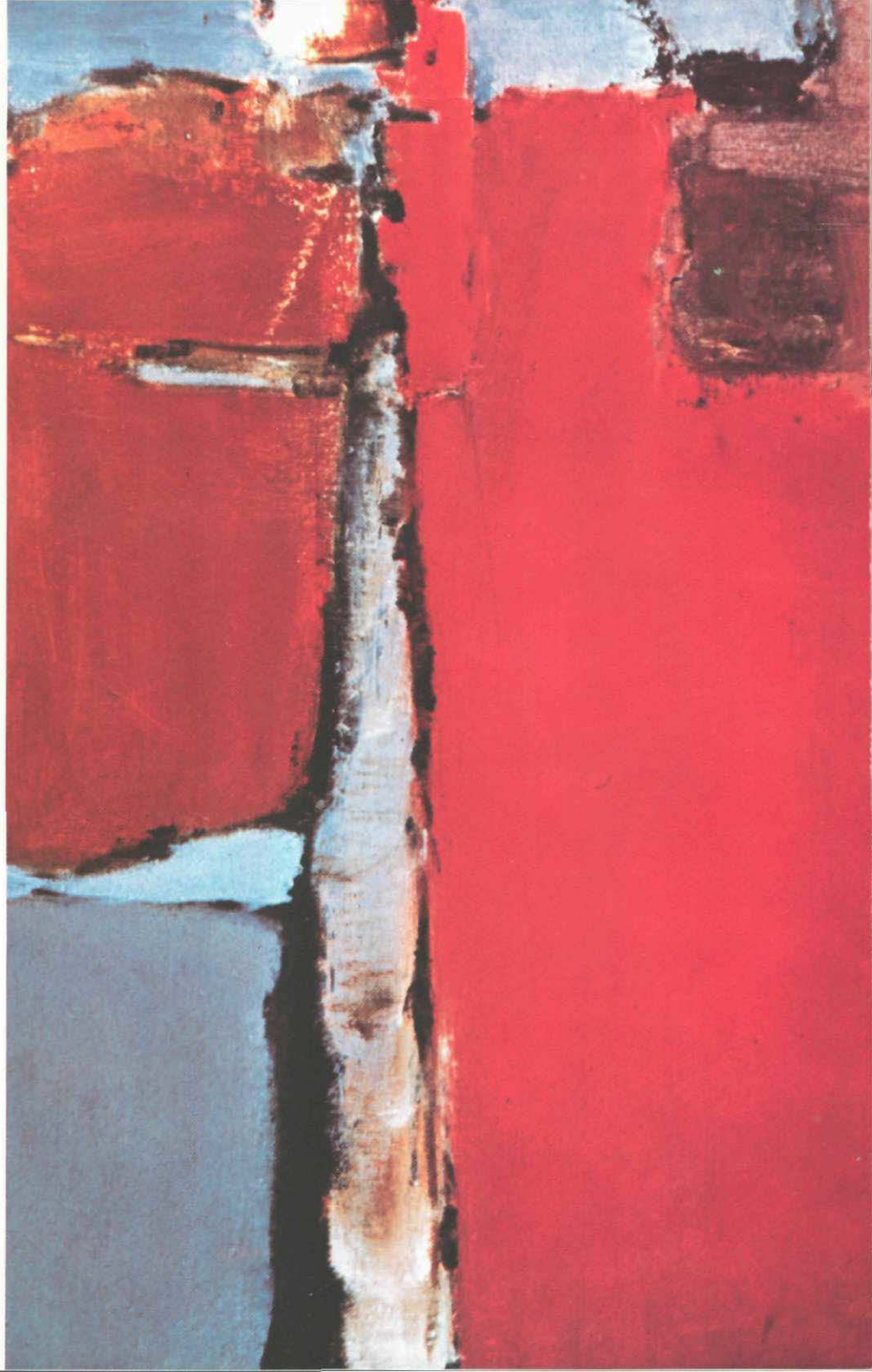


As in a dream my bloodbeats trace
the breathless palpitations
Of a depthless
infinity
wandering as Waking
To an autumn dream driven
Senseless in a window
By what running In rain
Caught an almost sun
I track
A secret wounding primal
Into a moonless night
when Wondering I cast back knowing
Now in heat
Curling moth-Mad around
A candle flaming
slick-Tongued Wondering
That these feet once dared
Leap to the reddening rhythms of an oldest dance
Back to the sweetness of that cruelest
Rite of all tribes Sighing that
these hands had Held a flower into blooming climbed
Summer hurt
a dreamer
Into time.

When out of loneliness and lust
I threw a glittering line
And tried to follow along it
To the far side of a promise,
In the ashes of a final summer
I sought my image
Dancing
In the strange fierce music
Of the lion's birth
Stunned like a butterfly before its time
Caught spreading
in the brave nakedness
Of unseasonal sun
Hot on the spans of a broken rainbow
riding a wicked rhythm
Down the doomed highway toward
A primal destination
I sought an image of gold-lit dust

flung

Breathless against the edge of
the red wall of oblivion
I rode a frenzied
Rhythm of negation
Into an arching circle
Forcing a thousand pounds of pain
And power
To dance on a two-inch square
I sought to pull an image
Ageless out of the lair lining
The naked horns of
Beauty with the
Semen
of despair

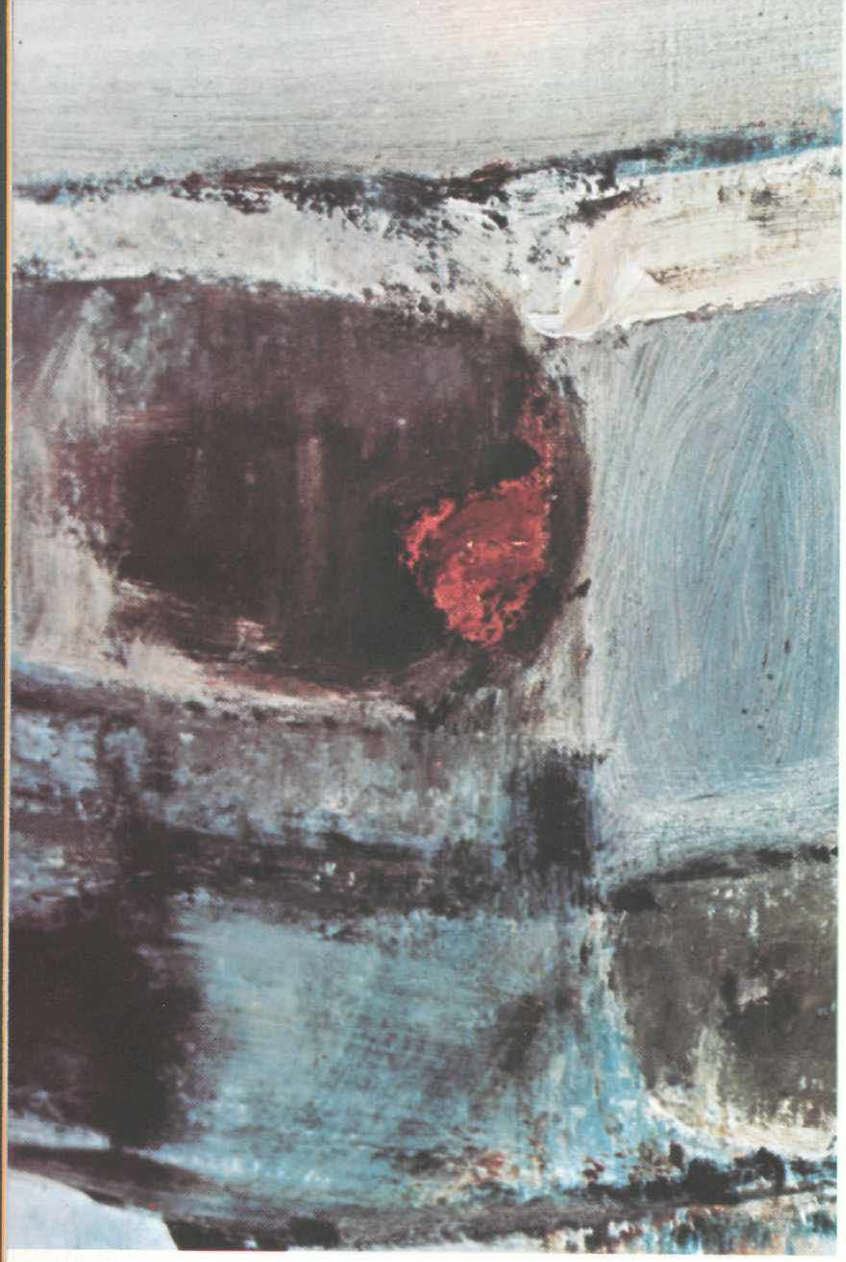


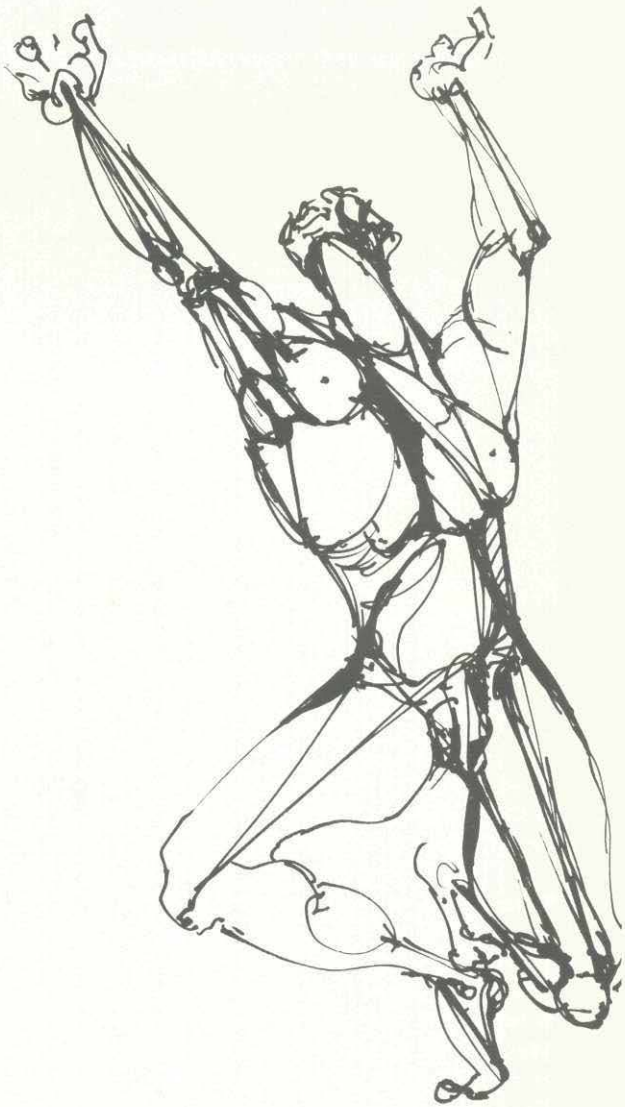
Fleeing out of sleet (I chased my image)
In the lilac silence of the spring
I caught the music to a song

Shimmering on haunted wings

Amidst that raucous sensuality
In an ocean beyond my knowing
A swift small ship
Moved toward the twilight
In the final signal of the sun
She flashed white sails
Just once
And slipped quietly
into the sea

and a slim gray mare
Sleeps silently
in soft flowers



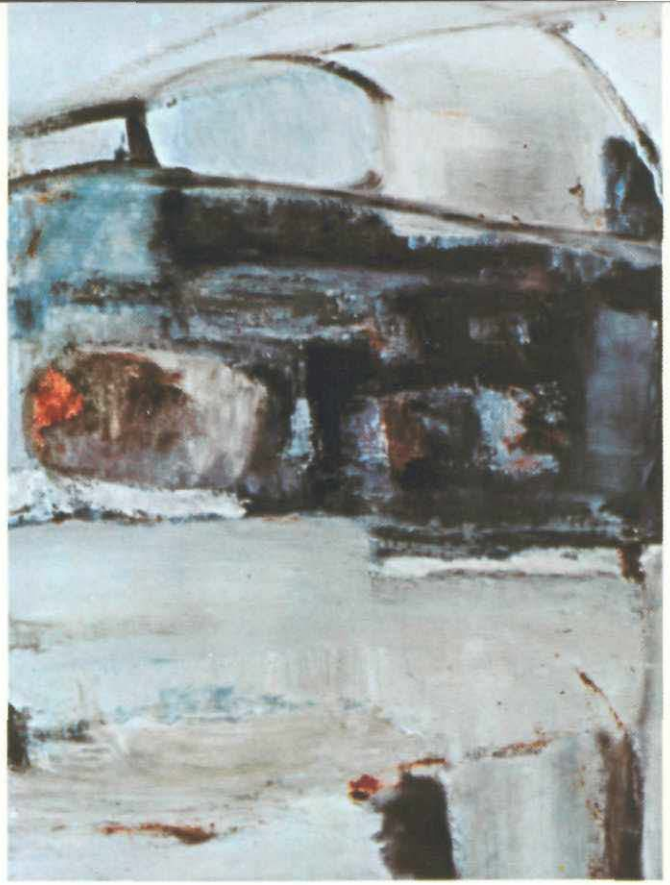


I came hollow
Seeking the solid flesh
Of centuries
And of seconds to accomplish
a file
of wisdom
and conceived dust.
I wanted to hold a millenium
In my hand
(but it had
Something to do with
Laughter in rhythm and a
Stunning
conjunction)
Loving
the starlight and
Losing the star achieving
Mountains and
Grinding over mud I want to dance
but tunneled straining
Into the wind like
futile Girders my bones are linked
To mystery and
Bestial sources of rivers
Roam in the moods
of my blood

and the future is in me like a lance

Polluting. Under a gelded sun
We are an aggressive nation
And have brought Diana
To her knees

(but watered in poison and
bleeding from machines she has
Redwing pheasant-
Black thighed Music
and I will not let this country die)



I suppose that we are fools
Who would salve the wounds
Of a massacre
With the thin weapons of Matisse—
Or to put it into
Another way

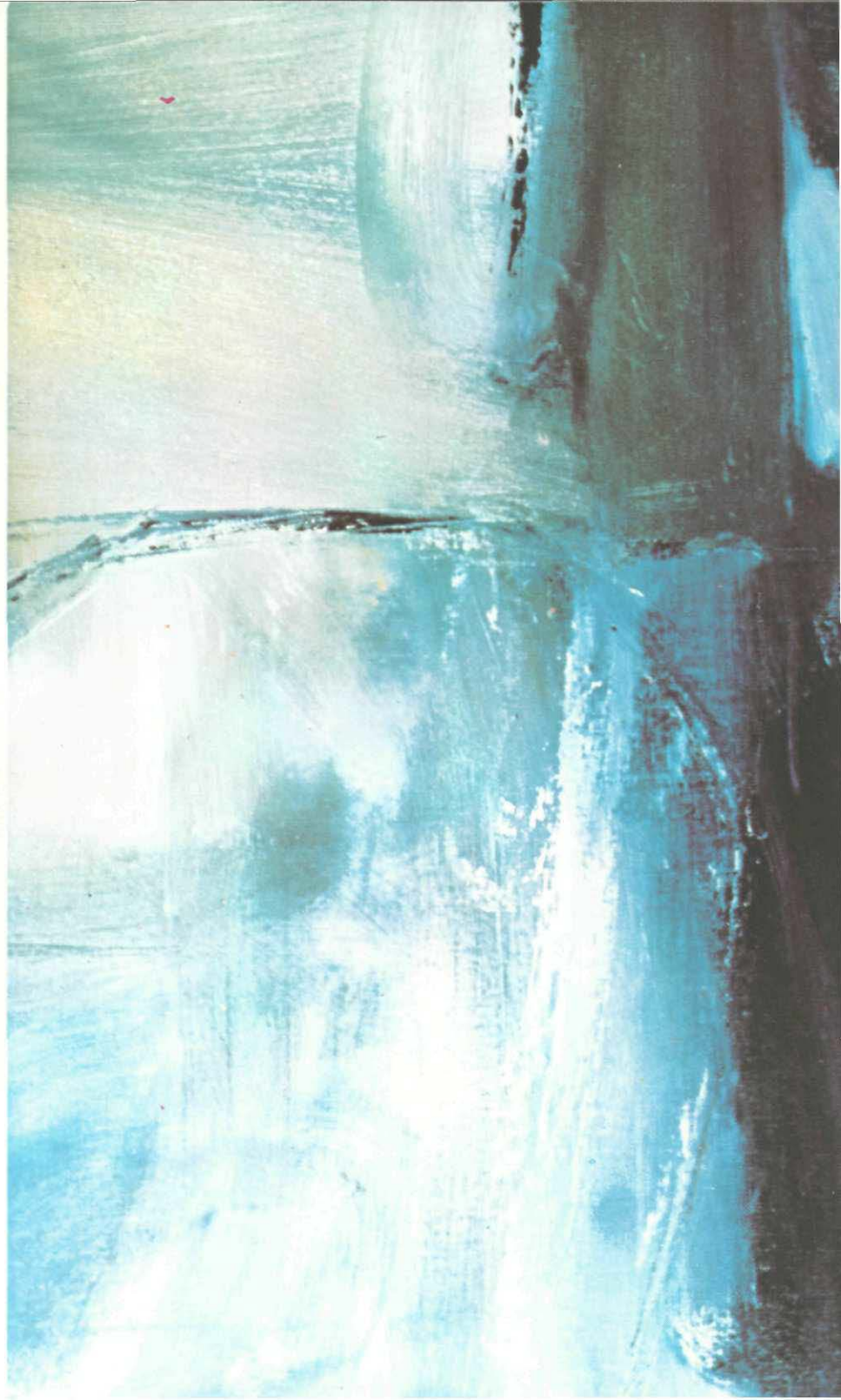
As your jets circle a livid second
Gleaming into the floodlit night
and rip Screaming-deadly Black into
black
Knife-edged to hunt down
Destiny
in a different time

I want to give you a pheasant
In December
and how
Insolent immediate flicker he
Blasted Trailing his glory-Exultant into a moment-
Arrogant Icon-
plastering his fast living against the horizon
Left his corpse on a plumb-line pulsing
Steel out on the snow
Smi-
ling
Blood

(and gold, my love i swear i only thought—
Swiftsudden
Final, forever and

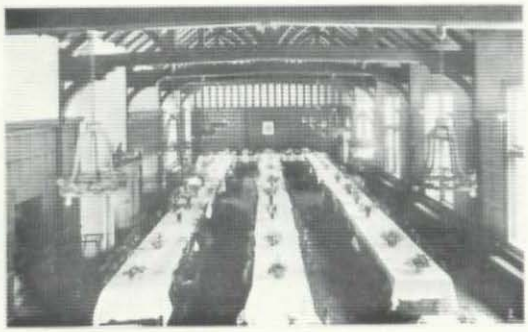
Forgive me if in refusing
The freedom of my cage
I only thought of roses)

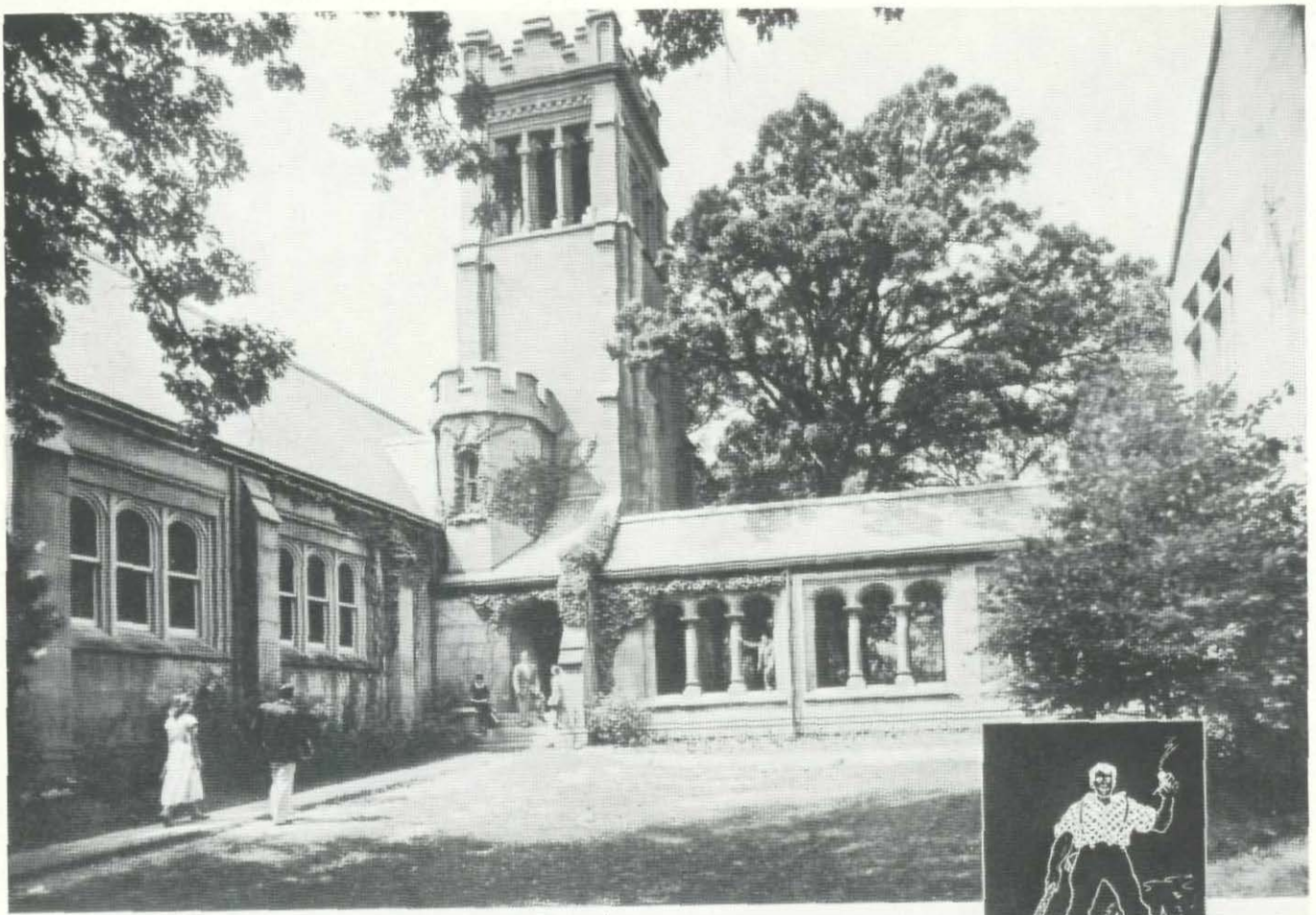
Which maybe will explain
Why I must go
From trees—they say
A dancer's feet are faithless
And cannot
Stay. And in your distance
Be my anchor—
Fools will be
Wanderers after stars,
And once I
Peopled midnight
With a many-silver of them, and
Once I thought I had
Found
A way to write blue rivers
and I said then
Laughing on a
High wind
Give me Wanton
wings.



YEARBOX 70

YEARBOX 70





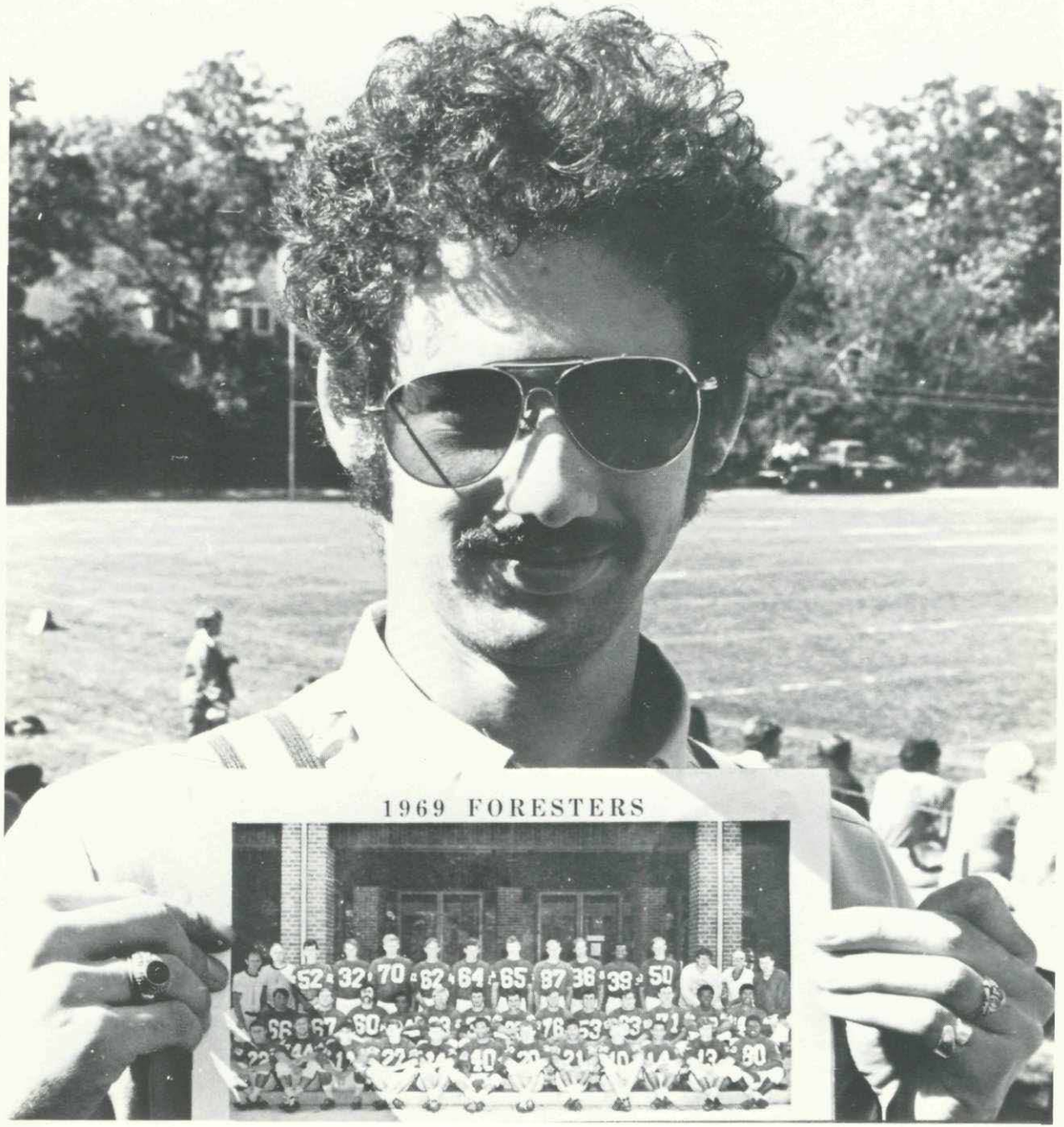
Reid Memorial Chapel, adjacent to Library (Middle Campus)

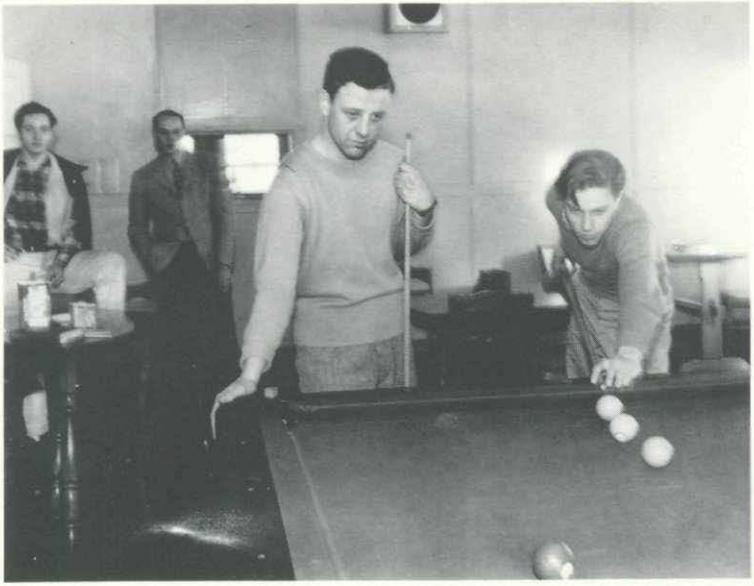
Accent on Your Future!

Lake Forest's program of education is tuned to the needs of today and alerted to the preparedness of the future . . . progressive in its philosophy, yet retaining that which is traditionally sound . . . the new and the old in practical and harmonious balance.

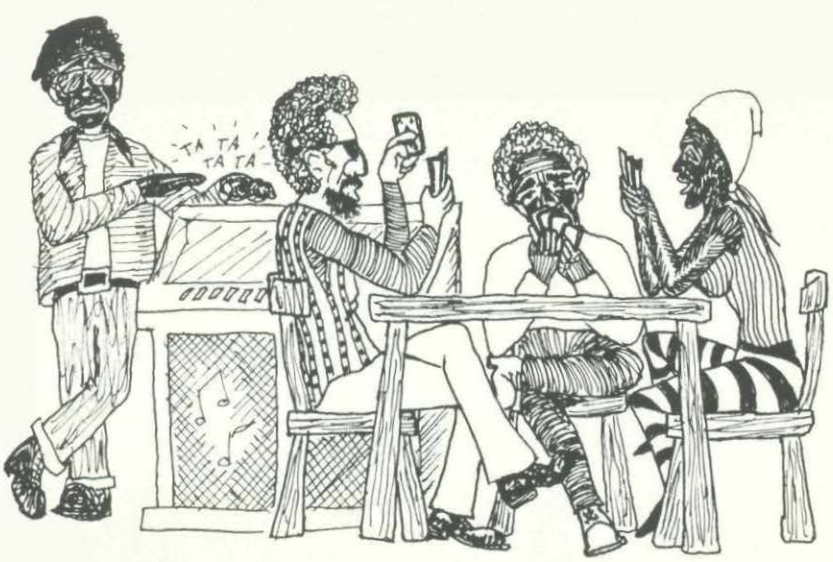
BE A FORESTER!

The name "Foresters" was selected as the nickname for our Lake Forest College varsity athletic teams in a contest conducted several years ago by the Student Council. Recently it has become the custom to refer to all members of the student body as "Foresters"—and the College has adopted the young giant with the easy-going and friendly grin as its school symbol.


1969 FORESTERS



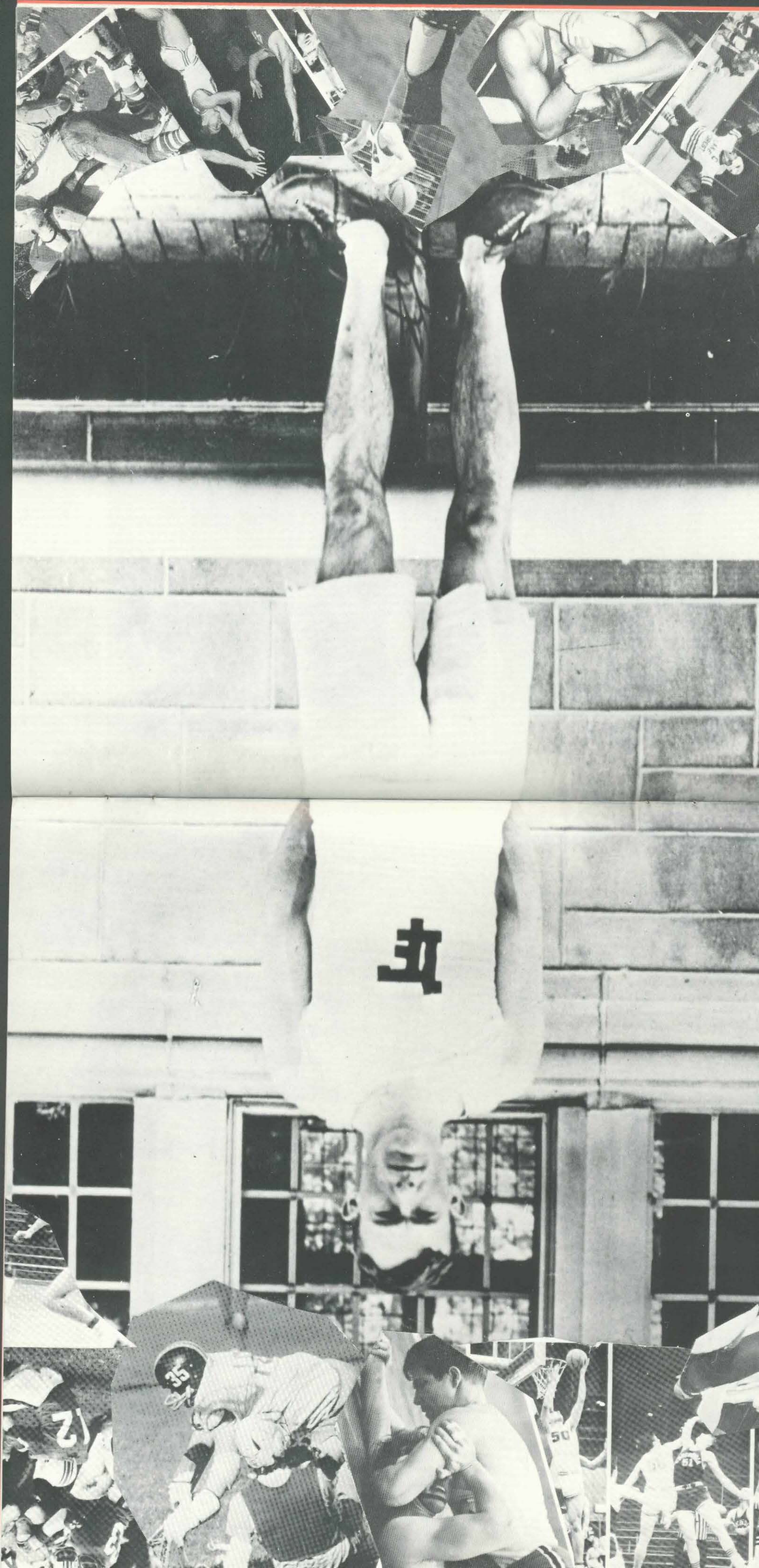
I
AM
A FORESTER
LAKE
FOREST
COLLEGE

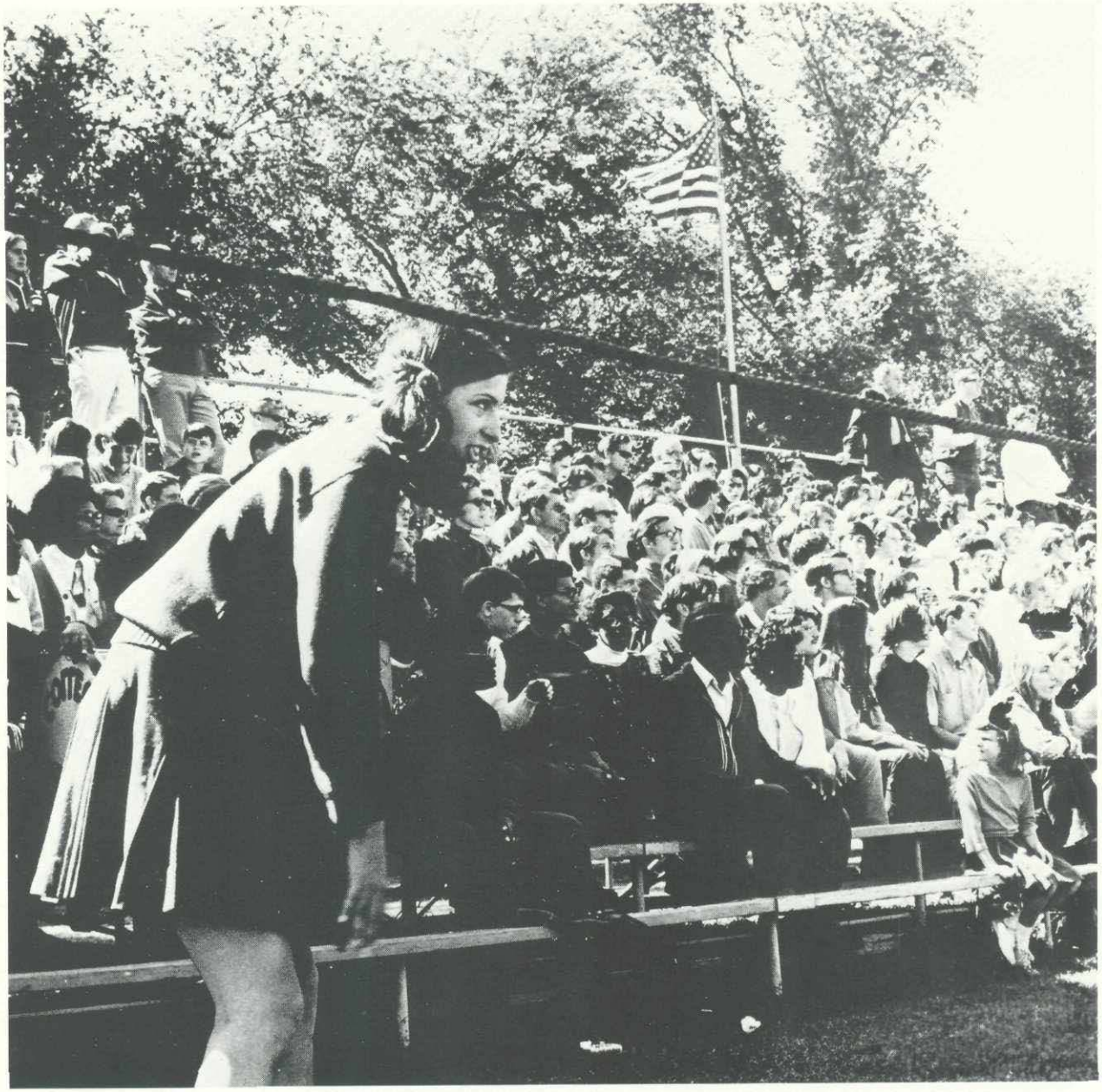

TA TA
TA TA

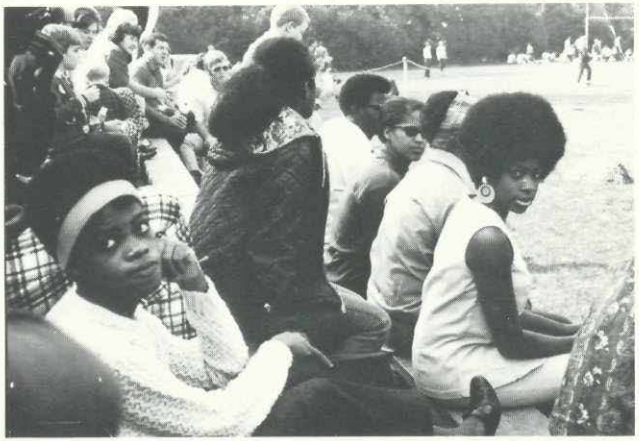
HAR
HAR
HAR
SSSS
RETCH

AH! TO BE A SOC. MAJOR IN THE SPRING!
TAKE A PUFF... IT'S SPRING TIME
CHOP CHOP

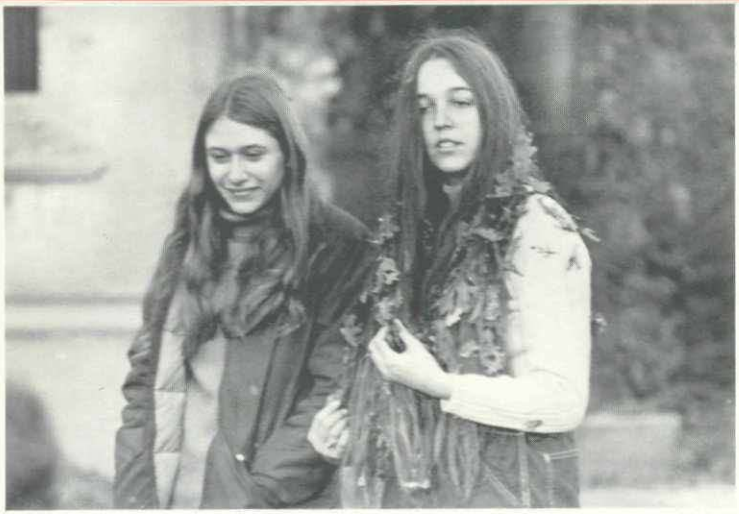
TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF
99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL...

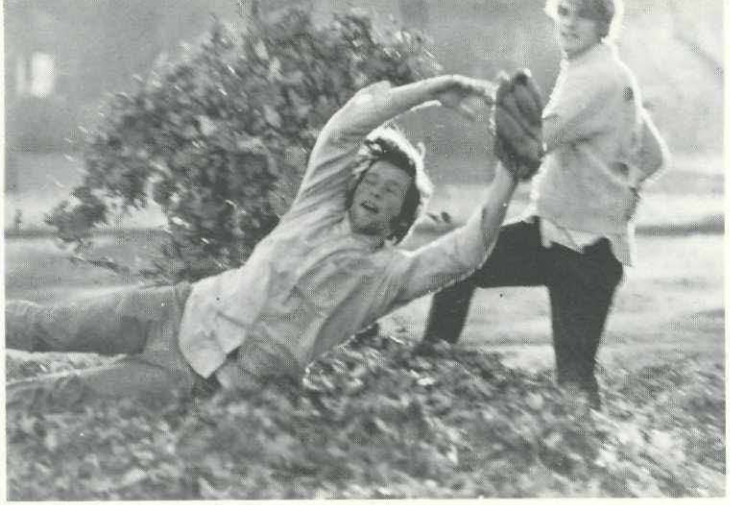




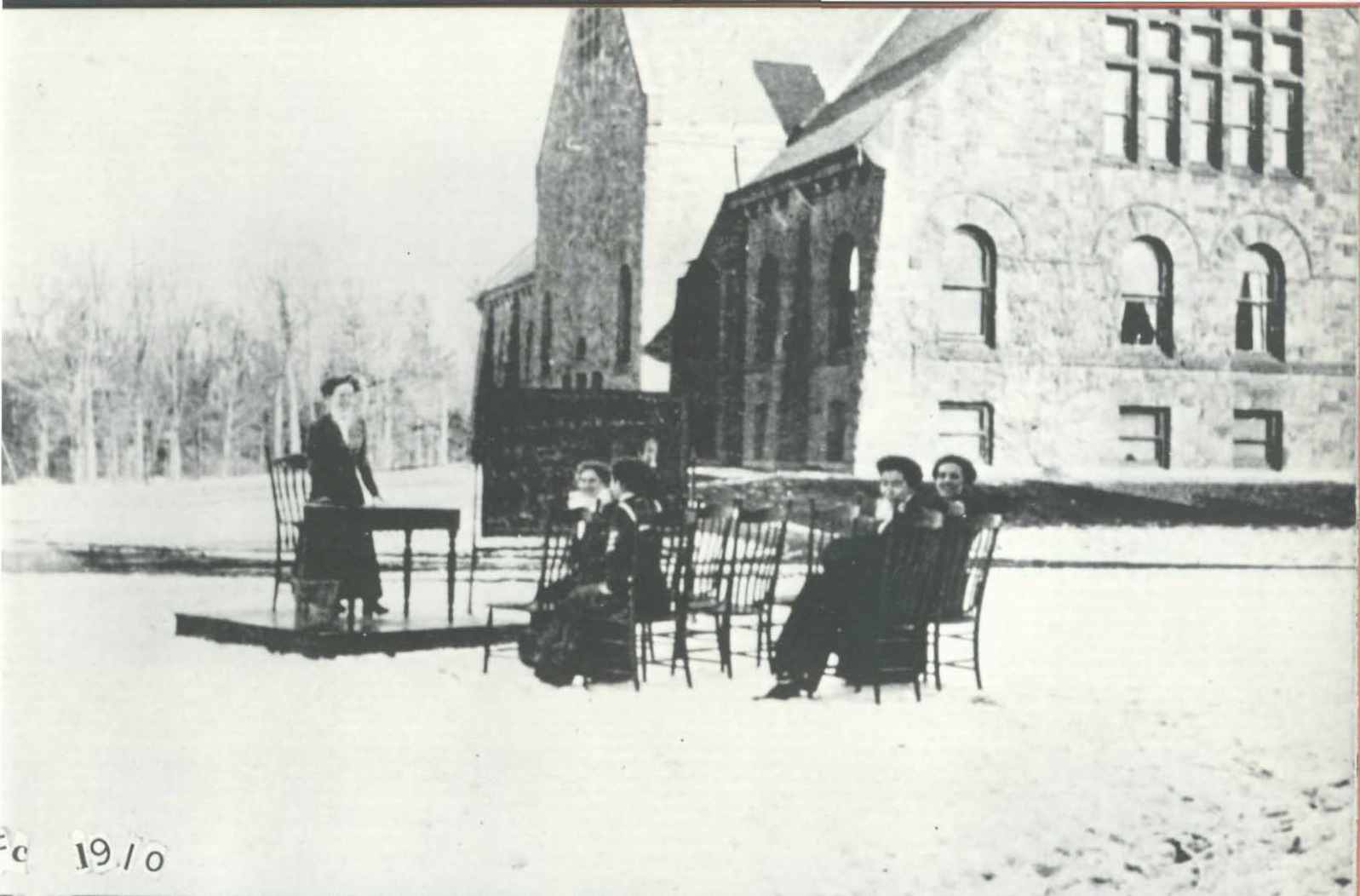


3611
PEPSI
Coca-Cola

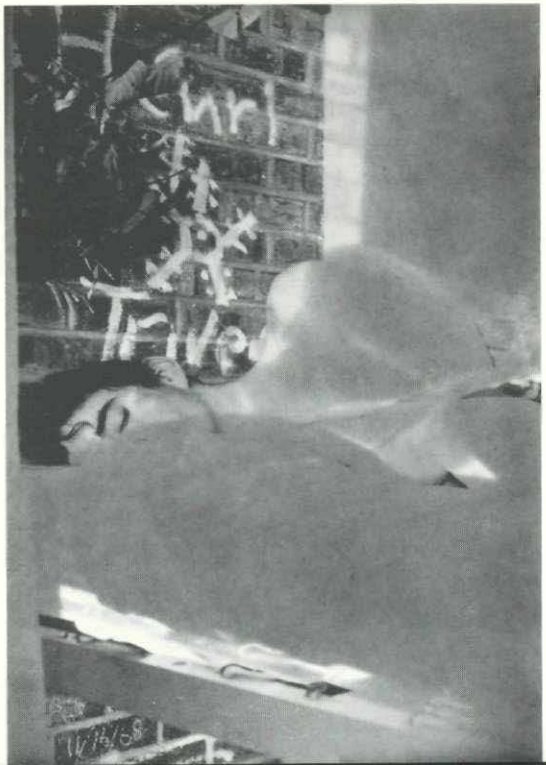


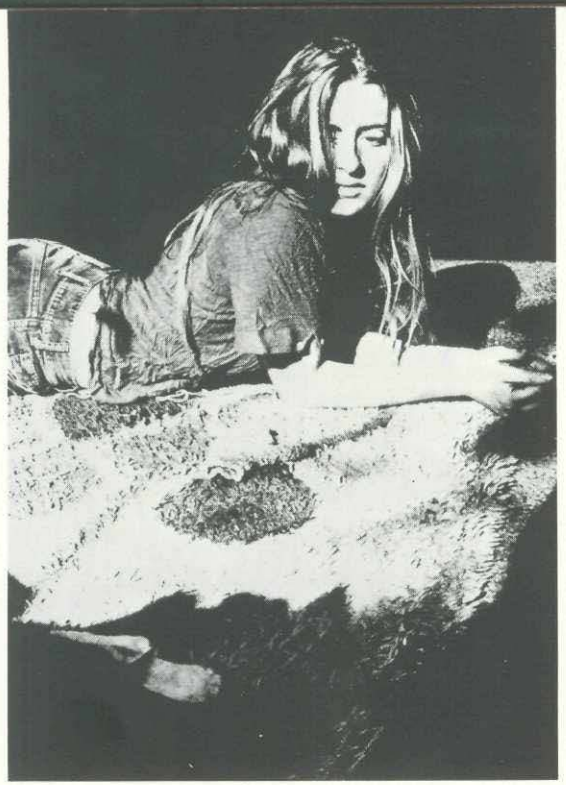


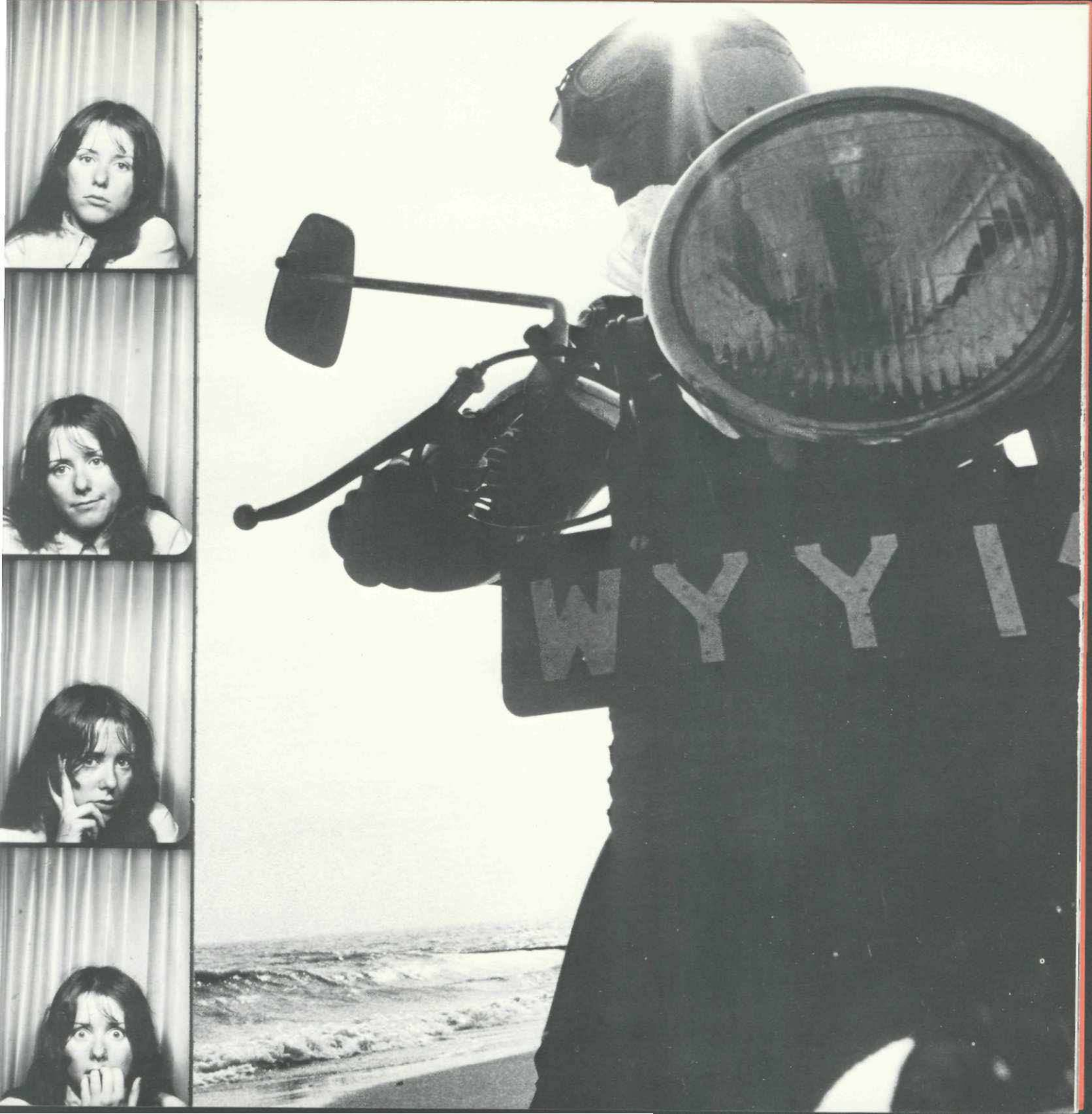
LFC
1910
Pledgers



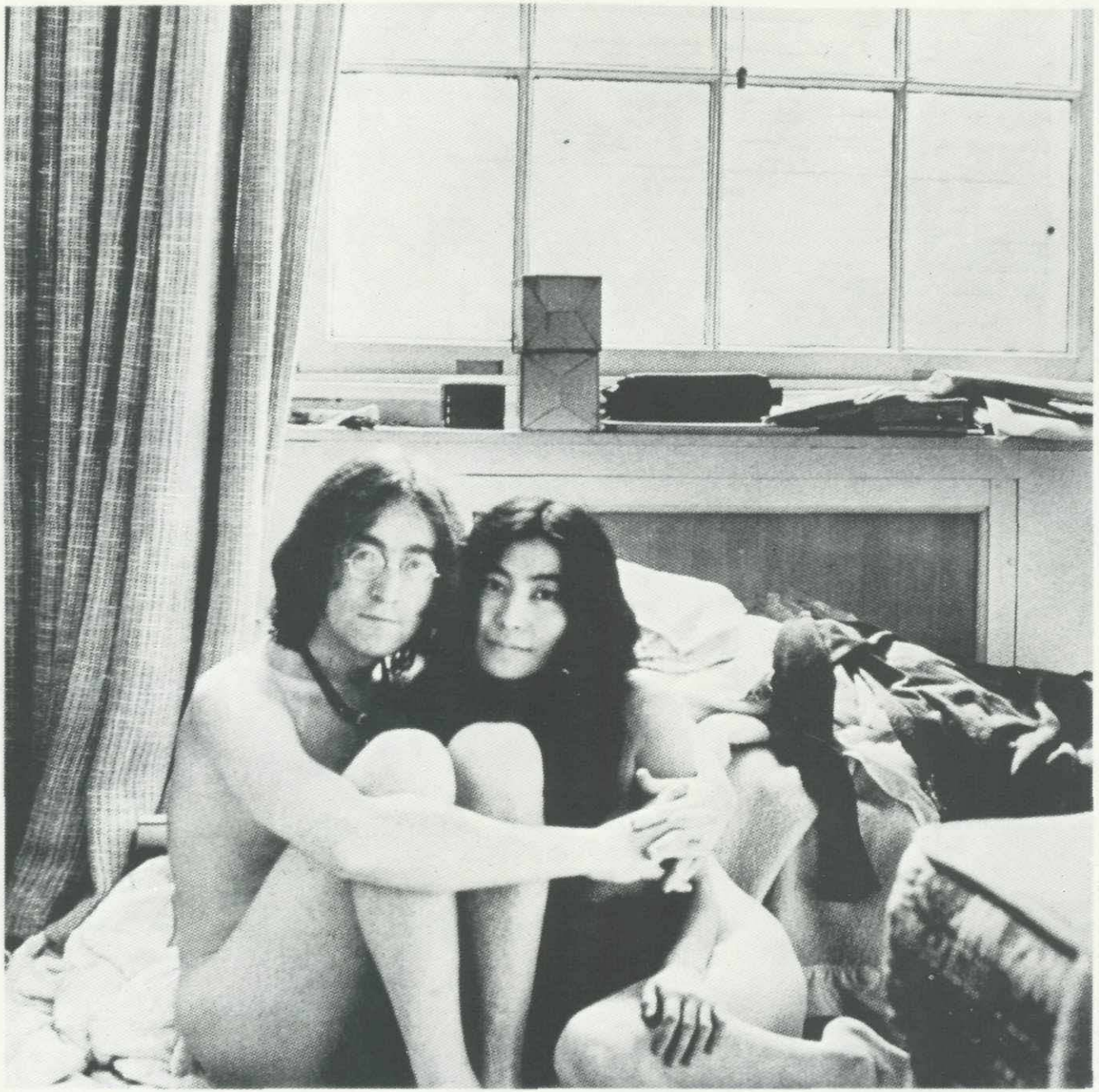
c 1910

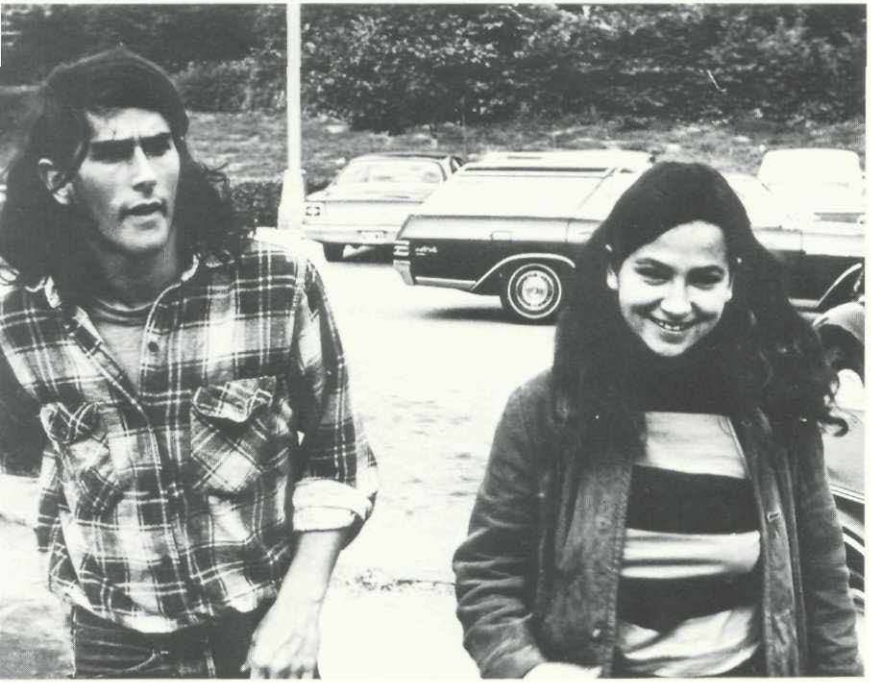


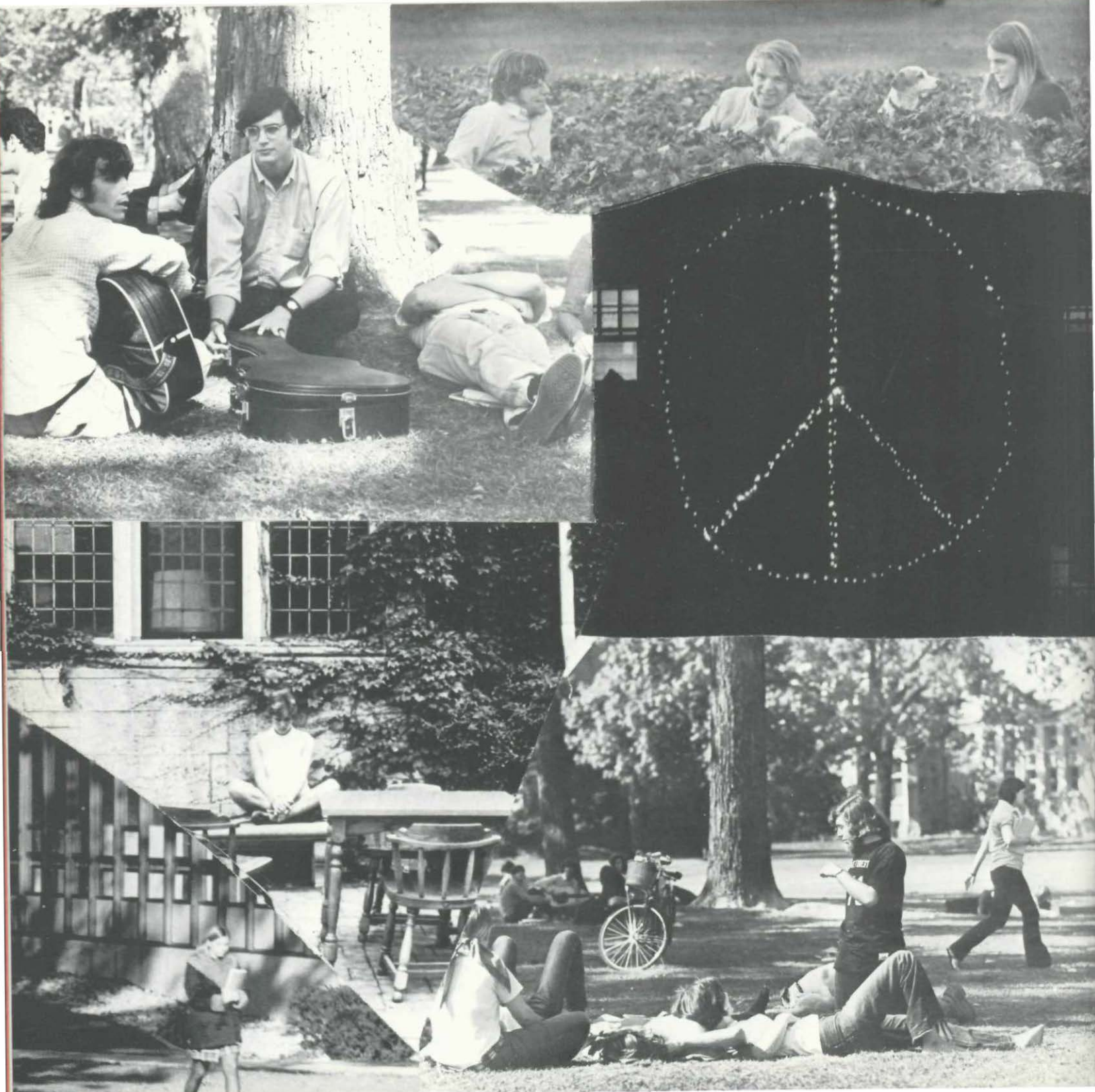




Two Virgins. Photograph: John Lennon







AT LONG LAST, THANKS TO B.F. SKINNER AND THE L.F.C. PSYCH. DEPARTMENT, I'M EQUIPPED TO FORM THE GREATEST FLEA CIRCUS TIME SQUARE HAS EVER SEEN!

WHY, OF COURSE I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU, HONEY-LAMB!

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO WITH YOUR SOCH. BA., RALPH?

I'LL BE TEACHING A CULTURAL REVOLUTION COURSE IN A MISSISSIPPI ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

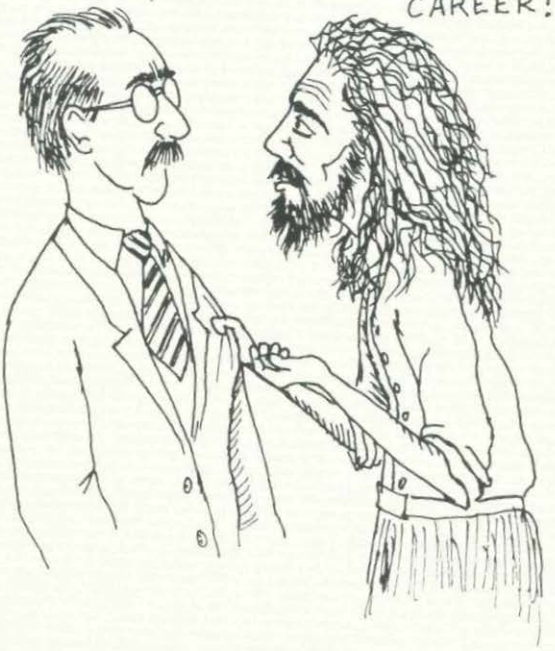
IF, PERCHANCE, THAT DOESN'T WORK OUT, I'LL BE STUDYING FREEDOM IN CANADA.

SO I'VE GOT A PHI-
LOSOPHY B.A.
SO WHAT?

OF ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT COMPRISE LAKE FOREST COLLEGE, I SHALL MISS THEE, LINENS-OF-THE-WEEK, MOST OF ALL!

MATURITY IS THE KEY TO SUCCESS IN THE REAL WORLD OF MEN, MONEY, AND MACHINES, AND A COLLEGE EDUCATION IS THE BASIS FOR DEVELOPING A MATURE, REALISTIC OUTLOOK ON THE WORLD.
THANKS LOADS,
L.F.C.

AH, PROFESSOR... IF I COULD ONLY **BEGIN** TO TELL YOU THE ROLE YOU'VE PLAYED IN MY COLLEGE CAREER!

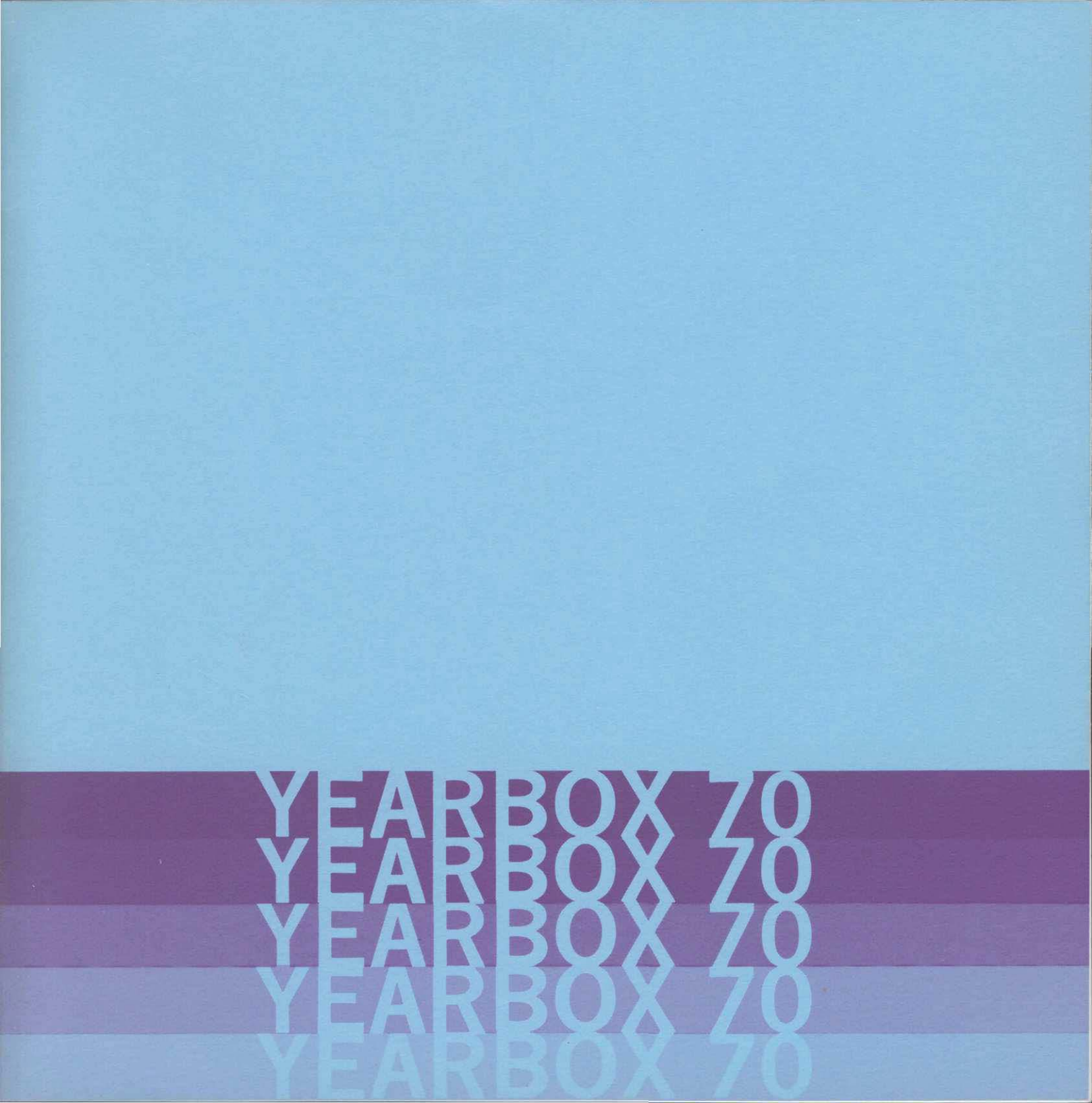


Senior Class - 1891 taken by Professor Sanford

YEARBOX 70

EDITOR: Henry Post
BLUE BOOK: Gay Clarke
ORANGE BOOK: James Trivers
PURPLE BOOK: Jan Gates
RED BOOK: Henry Post
PHOTOGRAPHY: Skip Benson, Chris Kluge, Tom Livermore, Henry Post, Mike Roman, Claudia Sochynsky, Ted Vaughn, Linda Wiggins
BUSINESS MANAGER: Donna Jovanovich
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Christie Davis, Mrs. Ellen Mosey, Francile Foley, Jerry Elmore, Michael Croydon, C.G.A., Chris Kluge, and the friends of the Yearbox

Yearbox 70, Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.


YEARBOX 70
YEARBOX 70
YEARBOX 70
YEARBOX 70

FACULTY

F. Asher Art History

D. Bartlett Religion

C. Behling Psychology

K. Bennett English

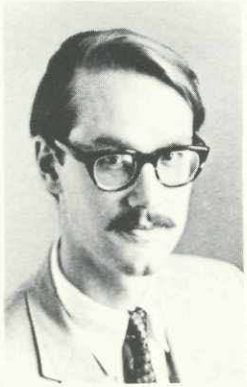
W. Benz Government

D. Berg Spanish

M. Biggs Librarian

H. Blackwell English

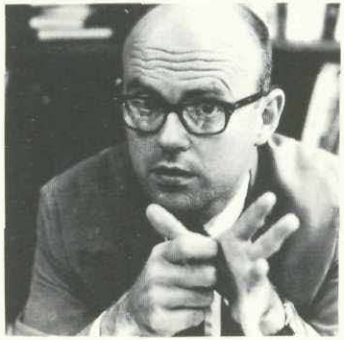
R. Bopp Registrar



R. Bouquet English

A. Bowen Music

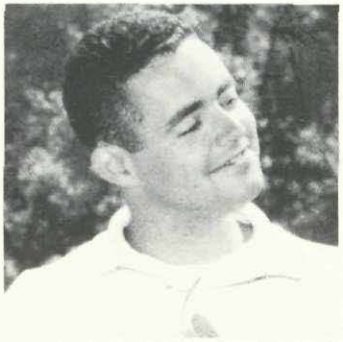
L. Bresloff Sociology



W. Charland Chaplain

S. Checkosky Psychology

D. Cole Religion

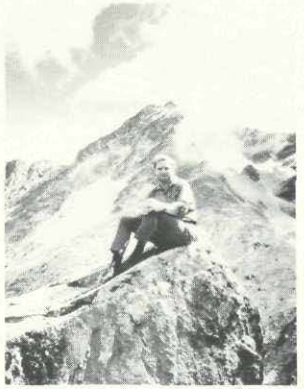


J. Converse Dramatics

J. Coutts Chemistry

R. Cowler English

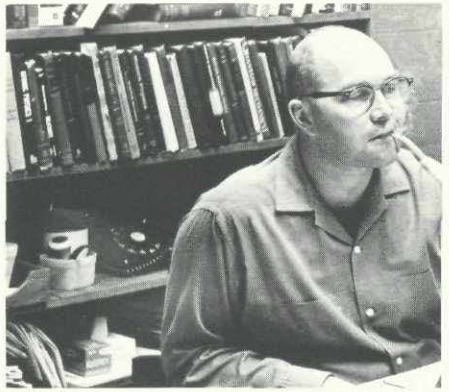
M. Croydon Art



M. Csikzentmihalyi Sociology

M. Day Physical Education

M. Dilkey German



B. Donnally Physics

W. Dunn Acting President

R. Faber Physics

R. Fernandez Art

B. Fishman English

R. Forgus Psychology

P. Frankel Psychology

D. Frederick Physics

D. Galloway Government

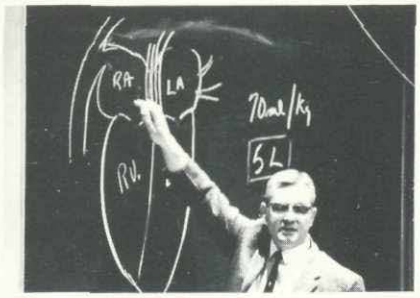
J. Garneau French

J. Garrett Asst. Dean of Students

W. Gean Philosophy

A. Genestre French

J. Gerasimo Sociology



F. Giere Biology

R. Glassman Psychology

R. Gobel Sociology

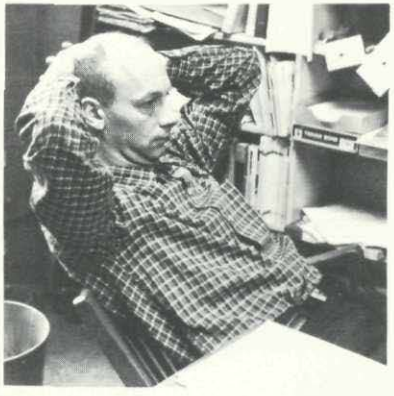
J. Goldinger Biology

R. Greenfield English

R. Grossman History

R. Hale Economics

A. Hanke Physical Education



F. Hansen Philosophy

R. Hansen Economics

R. Hantke History

E. Hawes History

A. Hentz English

M. Herlihy Economics

H. Hoogesteger Dean Of Students

C. Jackson Chemistry

V. Jansen Biology

H. Jauch Physical Education

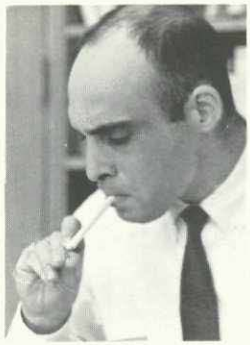
H. Jensen Physics

T. Jeong Physics

A. Jinadu Government

F. Kirby Music

L. Klingbell Chemistry



D. Krantz Psychology

J. Lee Librarian

A. Greer Sociology

A. Lessing Philosophy

C. Louch Biology

E. Lunn Biology

L. Marshall Music

W. Martin Chemistry

C. McQueen Mathematics

G. Mills Sociology

G. Milne English

A. Mitchell Art

C. Moodie History

T. Moodie History

N. Necker Dean of Freshmen

M. Moore Classics

J. Nelson Government

H. Nicholaus Economics

D. Parsons Economics

D. Pagano Psychology

W. Pese History

B. Reynolds Economics

D. Riggs Religion

A. Rossol Russian

R. Runge Biology

F. Saltoun French

D. Schaefer Government

F. Schultz Art

D. Seaman French

R. Sherman Philosophy

R. Shively Mathematics

C. Smith Mathematics

I. Speros German

G. Speros Spanish

J. Sproat History

E. Starshak Economics

R. Steamer Government

R. Stepsis English

S. Sundberg Biology

A. Sweet Physical Education

L. Thompson Chemistry

R. Tripton Physical Education

R. Troyer Mathematics

L. VanValkenburgh English

A. Voss English

J. Wallen Sociology

J. Walsh German

N. Wasylik Physical Education

P. Wax Italian

E. Reichert Education

K. Weik Biology

G. Weiner Economics

J. Wenum Government

M. Wilton Spanish

A. Zilversmit History

SENIORS

Marci Allen

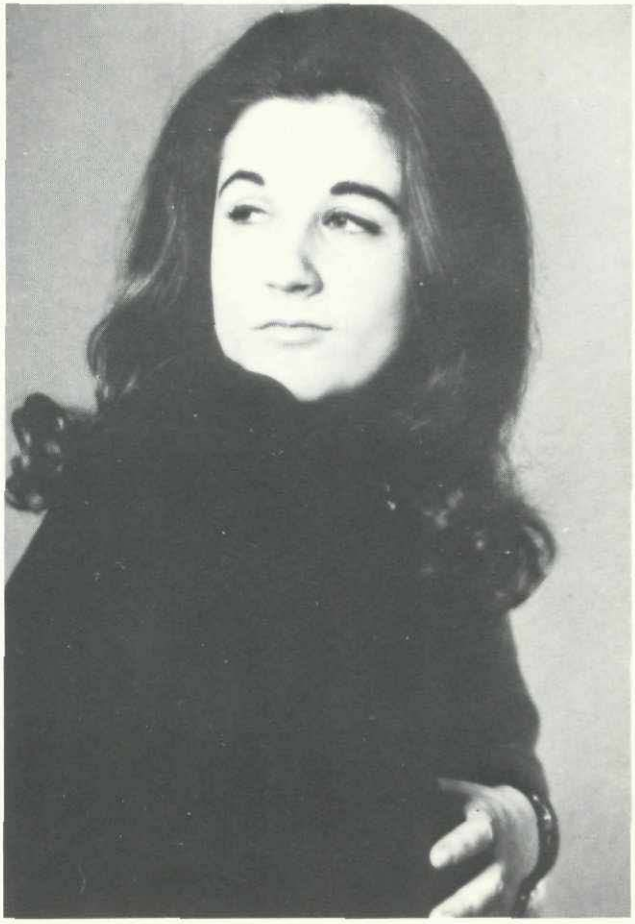
Doris Sperber

Andy Olsen 'Tree'

Zigy Kaluzny

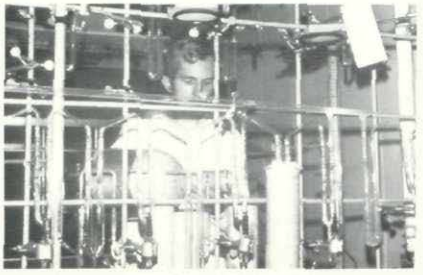
Paul Sweet

Carol Thatcher



Suzanne Klaren

Steve Bender



Lawrence J. Gestaut

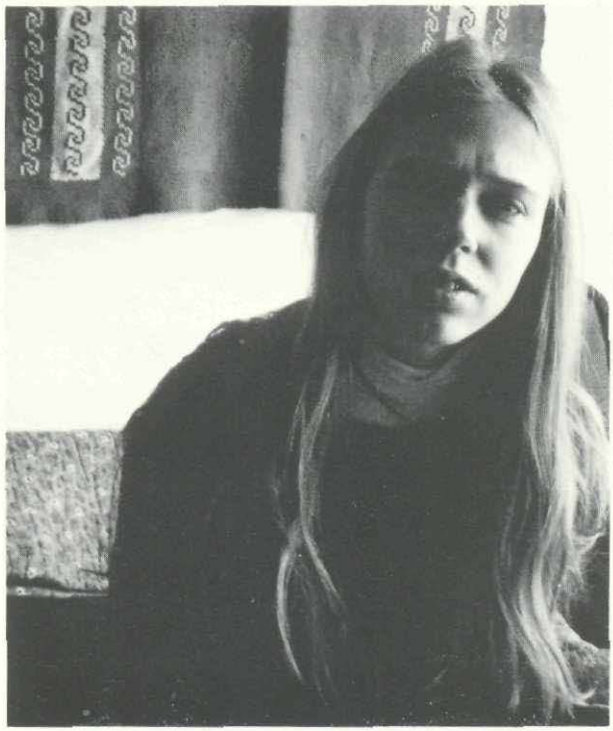
Rick Walbridge

Kaki Parsons

Peter Reed

Newton Finn Joe McKinney

Sam and Elsie Childs



Lynn Pedersen

Jim Weigel Judy Habegger

Andy Russo Mike Maiman

Jim Matray

Steve Logowitz

Jim Steen

Kathy Roberts

John Tovrov

Krista Swanson

Kitty Clark

Vito M. Dipinto Julie Schoeberlein

Doug Clark

Ron Bluestein

Betsy Weaver Pat Peterson

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Alec and Mary Gerster
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Peter Goldenthal Leslie Stein

Jim Dickerson

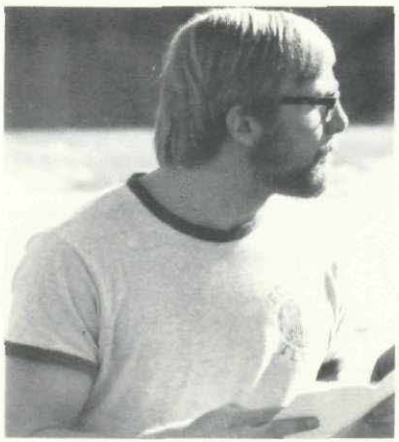
Josh Rabinowitz

Chris Gotfredson

Peter Yaffe

Carl Allen

Bob Harris



Tom Carr

Sue Katz

Jeanne Mugford

Tom Livermore

Margaret Litzow

Jeff Darbee

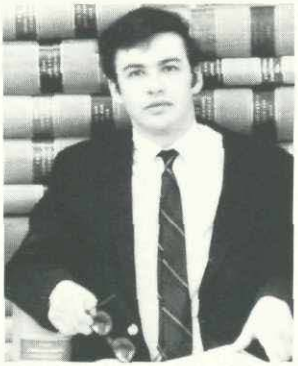
Margaret Halley

Jim Lamson

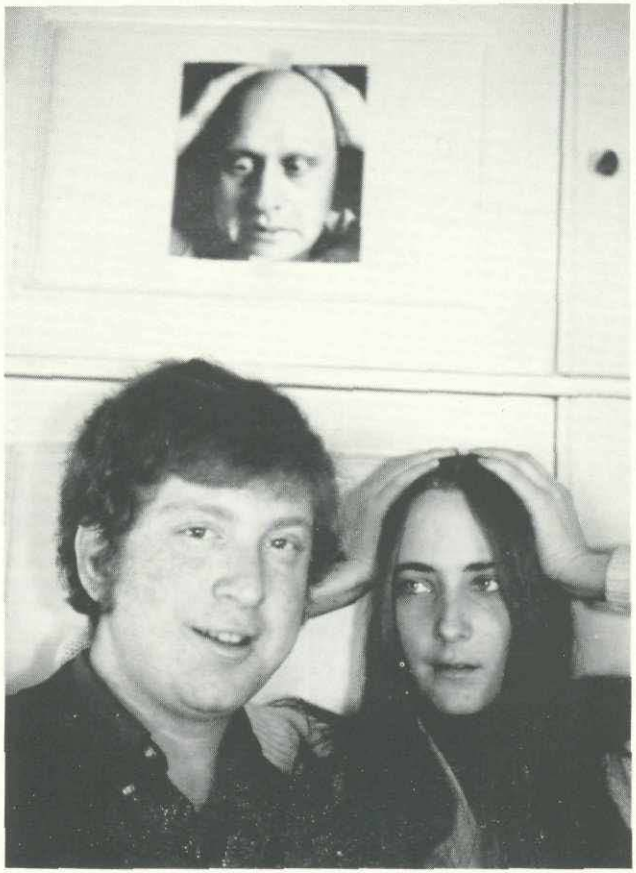
Steve Berg

Karen Mallam

Randy Pierce



Dan Sinclair



Andy Balterman Barbara Peabody

John and Maggie Bennison

Bill Walz

Doug Legum

Phil Aaron

George Goodwin

Doug Cummings

Dave Williams

Susan E. Foreman

Nancy G. Hurd

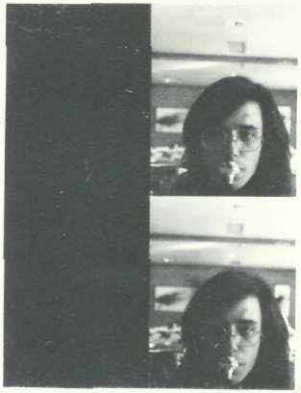
Sheree West

Melissa Upp Robert Van Ost

Bill Alderson

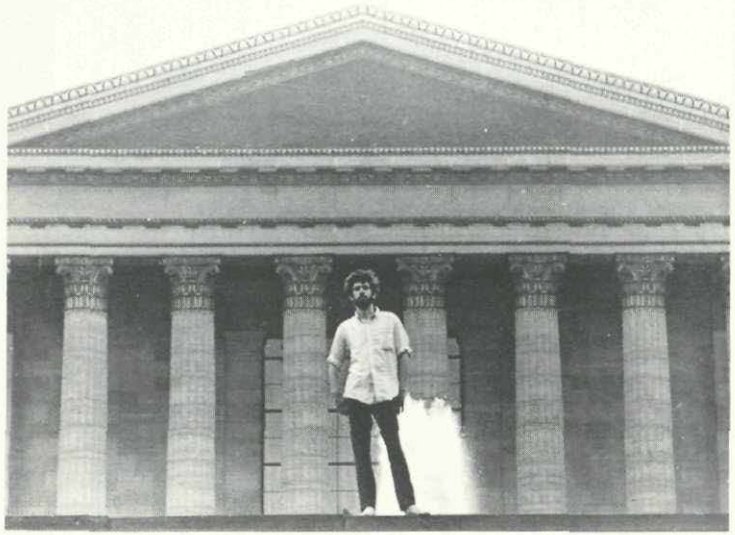
Charles Andersen

Carole Scotto



Jon Deleon

Chris Palamountain Audrey Schneider
Dale Weingart Kathy Meader



Tim Sheard

Lucy Wells

Emanuel Coleman

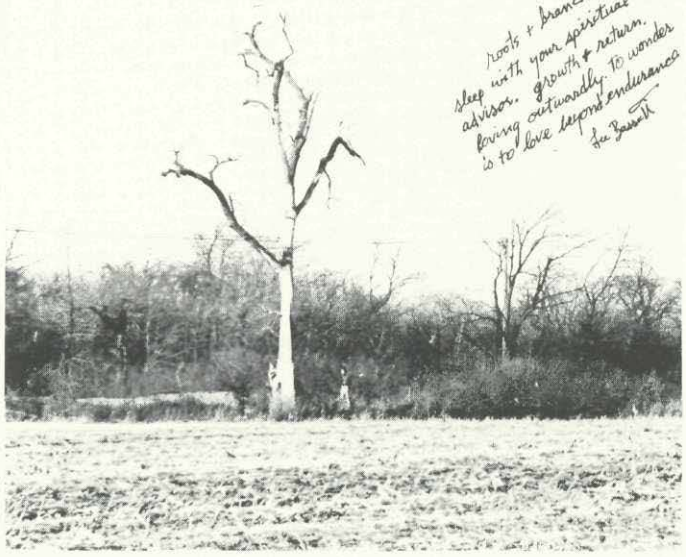
Randy Huster

Paul Thomas

Richard Kramer

Jane Delaney

Tim Barach



Lee Bassett

Jeanne Goodwell

Chris Distenfeld

Dizzy Vrabel

Bob Adams

Charlie Wellington

Alec and Mary Gerster

Jaun Echavarria

John Knox Tom Woodard

Beckie McGowen Margo Thompson
Barbara Peabody

Dan Schultz

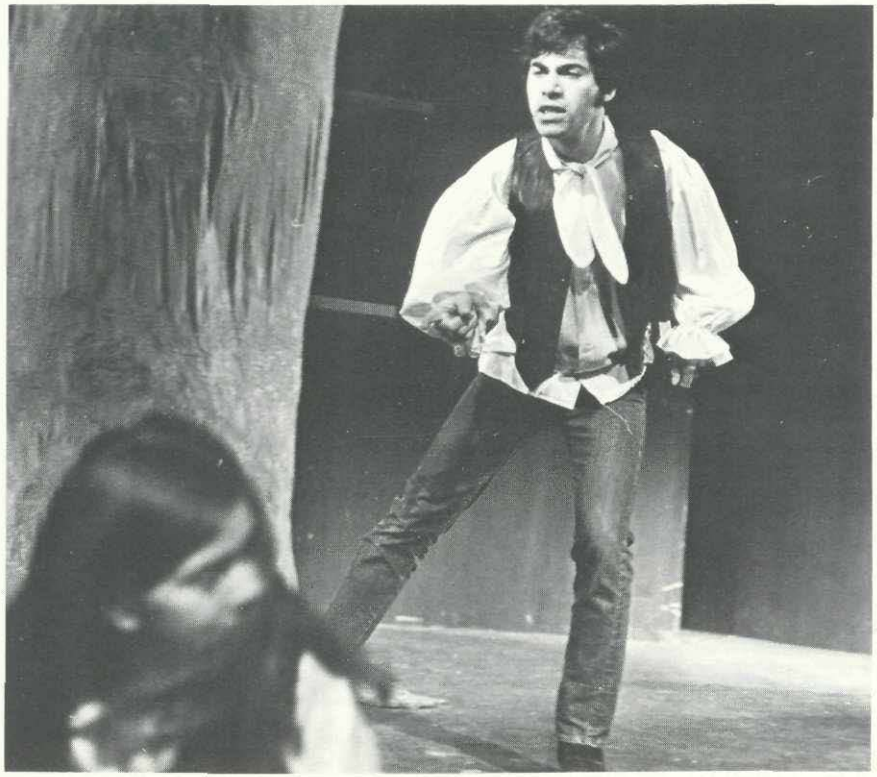
Mat Kaplin

Lou Naftulin Bob Irving Chico Converse

Anne Kistler

Al Gallo

Allen Schaefer



Richard Korey

Ron Farris

Bonnie Lilienthal

Leon Bradley

Gabriel Quintero

Bob Neumann

Rodrick Sellers

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Sue D. Anderson
Thomas J. Barnes
Joy A. Barrett
Maria C. Bei
Leon M. Bradley
Deborah Brennan
Virginia A. Brown
Jeremy Chase
George J. Christin
Jonathan Conant
Mark Coursen
Rosalind Curry
Linda DeGraffenreid
William Dennler
George DeTarnowsky
Linda Edidin
Barry Fries
Daryl Funches
Jeanne Goodwell
Jonathan Gordon
Allan E. Gould
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Peter E. Guernsey
Janay A. Haas
Ann M. Hoeppner
Donald B. Hoover
Charlotte Hurt
Bruce J. Jacobs
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Kathleen Kennedy
John Knox
Judith P. Langley
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William B. Martin
Richmond Morrow
John S. Mullen
Helene Neill
Marshall Norton
China Oughton
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Robert A. Pauker
Devereaux Phelps
Donna Reback
Virginia Resseger
Marilyn Rohn
Paul G. Rudolf
John Rutledge
Ellen C. Sabbagh
Timothy Salem
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Patricia L. Shaw
Avis L. Smaltz
Susan C. Smith